The Outlook

Vol. 60 November 19, 1898 No. 12

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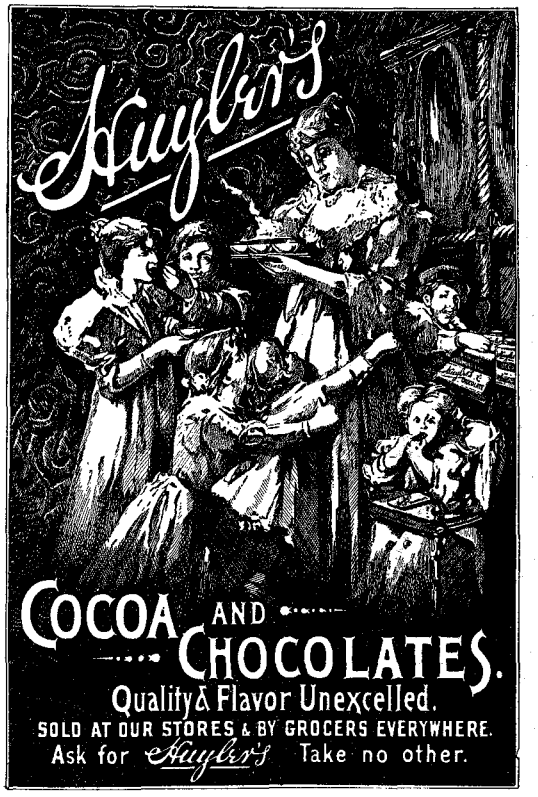
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The Outlook

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The Election: General Results

In the election last week there was nearly everywhere a pronounced tendency on the part of the voters to return to their old party allegiance. This was most strikingly exhibited by the tremendous Democratic gains in the East, where corresponding Democratic losses had taken place in 1896, and the Republican gains in the far West, where in '96 the silver issue had overthrown Republican supremacy. The tendency was still further emphasized, both East and West, by the fact that the Democratic gains this year were in the cities, where the Democratic losses had occurred in '96, while the Republican gains were in the rural districts, where in '96 the Republicans had suffered their reverses. The significance of these changes was perfectly clear to those who watched the campaign both West and East. The Democratic gains in the East did not signify the greater popularity of the free coinage of silver, nor did the Republican gains in the West signify the greater popularity of the gold standard. In the East the Democrats of Connecticut and the Middle States practically ignored the silver issue in their State Conventions, while in the West the Republicans of Utah, Colorado, and Nevada went so far as to repudiate their National platform on this question and explicitly demand the free coinage of silver. Try as the majority party would to make it so, the financial issue was no longer paramount in the minds of the voters—neither in the East nor in the West. Thousands returned to their old party allegiance regardless of it, and those who tried to make their votes register their opinions upon pressing National questions were quite as likely to be influenced by their attitude toward territorial expansion as by their attitude toward the expansion of the currency. The only issue everywhere present was the McKinley Administration taken as a whole, and the vote polled is rightly regarded as the popular verdict upon the general policy it has pursued. The net result is that the House remains Republican by a majority of eleven instead of fifty-six, while the Senate, which before belonged to the opposition by a majority of two, becomes Republican by a majority of fourteen. This last is the most important outcome of the election. In case Nebraska has gone Republican and West Virginia Democratic, the exact status of the next Senate will be as follows: Gold Republicans, 48; Gold Democrats, 2; McKinley Silver Republicans, 4; Silver Democrats and Fusionists, 36.

❀

New England

In New England the Democrats generally indorsed the Chicago platform, but the issue which they kept in the foreground during the last weeks of the campaign was the danger of "imperialism" and "militarism" involved in the retention of the Philippines. It was distinctly upon this issue that the Rev. S. J. Barrows was defeated by a Silver Democrat in one of the Massachusetts Congressional districts, and it was partly upon this issue that Congressman Walker, the aggressive opponent of President Andrews at Brown University, was defeated by a Gold Democrat in another. All through New England the Republicans seemed to be as conservative on the question of territorial expansion as are the Democrats and Populists in the Middle West and South, although the unanimous vote of the Vermont Legislature in favor of the retention of the Philippines looks the other way. Not a few Republican candidates boldly declared themselves against the President's policy in this respect, and in Massachusetts at least these candidates seem to have been most successful, though the candidate pre-eminently successful—Governor Wolcott—won his triumph simply by virtue of the purity and strength of his administration. His majority

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reached the total of 83,000, while the majorities polled by the Republican candidates for Congress aggregated only 49,000. In the other New England States the votes polled for executive offices had but little significance. The Republicans everywhere won by substantial majorities, although often barely a third of those recorded in 1896.

❀

Middle States In the Middle States all National issues were distinctly in the background. In New York, as every one knows, the Democrats attempted to conduct the campaign solely upon the State issues of the canal frauds and the Raines Excise Law. The party was reunited and well supplied with funds by the element which abandoned it in '96, and had it not been for Colonel Roosevelt's personal power, Republican defeat would have been inevitable. The sentiment among New York Republicans against bossism had reached boiling point, and an explosion of popular wrath against the machine responsible for the canal management was only averted by Colonel Roosevelt's reputation for independence. With this reputation on the part of the Republican candidate, however, Mr. Croker's attempt to make "Plattism" an issue simply recoiled upon himself and made Crokerism more conspicuously an issue. Mr. Roosevelt's victory by 17,110 plurality carried with it a narrow majority in the Legislature, and assures the retirement of United States Senator Murphy. The Republican plurality of barely seven thousand in New Jersey was in a similar way sufficient to assure the retirement of a similar political factor, United States Senator James Smith; and the margin of barely two thousand in Delaware means the retirement of Senator Gray and perhaps the election of the discredited Republican candidate Addicks. The danger of Mr. Addicks, however, is a less evil than that which is made almost inevitable by the result in Pennsylvania, where Mr. Quay's candidate polled 473,000 votes against 353,000 for Mr. Jenks, the admirable Democratic candidate, and only 132,000 for Dr. Swallow, whose magnificent fight called forth more moral enthusiasm than any recent political campaign in the country. The only encouraging feature of the situation in Pennsylvania is the fact that the Quay vote was 250,000 less than that for McKinley, and that outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg the majority against him was over eighty thousand. The sentiment against him outside the great cities may yet induce many Republican legislators to vote for some other candidate for the United States Senate, and gives promise that machine misrule shall not soon again be carried to such lengths. As regards the lower branch of Congress, the net result of the election in the eleven Eastern States was a Democratic gain of 25 over the result in '96. The popular vote changed approximately as follows:

	1896.	1898.
Republicans	2,473,000	1,800,000
Democrats	1,459,000	1,525,000

❀

The Center In the Central States (from Ohio to the Missouri) the gains and losses this year nearly balanced each other. The Republicans gained in Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri, and lost in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. So far as the popular vote was concerned, the Republican losses were far greater than the gains; but as regards representation in Congress, the two practically offset each other. The Republicans gained two Congressmen in Michigan and lost three in Illinois, while in other States the Congressional delegation stands just as it did before. The result in Michigan was a great personal triumph for Governor Pingree. The influential element in the Republican party which opposed his measures to tax the property of corporations just as the farms and homes of individuals are taxed, and to reduce the rates charged by quasi-public monopolies, fought him with great bitterness, and were believed to have cast thousands of votes for his Democratic opponent; but these Republican defections were far more than offset by recruits from the Democrats. In fact, in some districts the fight seemed to be between the Pingree and the anti-Pingree forces rather than between the Democrats and Republicans. The Governor's majority in Detroit was several thousand less than in 1896, but his majority in the country districts was as many thousand greater. It was these gains in the country districts which gave the Republicans their gain of two Congressmen. In Illinois, where the Democrats gained Congressmen, the issue was again in large measure the character of the Governor, and the measures for which he stood in the Legislature. The reduction of the Republican plurality from 142,000 in 1896 to less than

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40,000 this year was largely due to Governor Tanner and the Allen bill in favor of the street railway monopolies. In Minnesota the astonishing victory of John Lind, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was partly due to the public faith in the honesty and ability of the Silver Republican leader, and partly to the race pride of the Scandinavians, who in '96 were chiefly responsible for the overwhelming Republican majority. The Republican candidates for Congress won in every district. In Wisconsin and Indiana the Republican victories mean the retirement of United States Senators Mitchell and Turpie. As regards the popular vote, the results this year, as compared with '96, were approximately as follows:

	1896.	1898.
Republicans	2,777,000	2,300,000
Democrats	2,460,000	2,050,000

❀

The West The States west of the Missouri River, which four years ago were unanimously Republican, and two years ago went Democratic ten to three, were this year nearly evenly divided between the two parties. The Republicans carried Kansas, North Dakota, Wyoming, Washington, and California, in addition to Oregon, which they carried in June, and largely reduced the fusion majorities in all the remaining States. To some extent the fusion losses were due to the attitude of the anti-fusion element of the People's party. In '96 nearly all of the Populist leaders supported Mr. Bryan because he had been nominated by the Populist Convention as well as the Democratic; but this year many of them refused to indorse further alliance with their old Democratic opponents. In Kansas ex-Senator Peffer, disgusted with Governor Leedy's lukewarmness toward the saloons, accepted the Prohibition nomination for Governor, and his campaign took away from the fusionists hundreds of votes in the rural districts, where nearly all the Populists are aggressively in favor of the prohibition policy. In Colorado, ex-Governor Waite, and in California the last Populist candidate for Governor, this year supported the Republicans in order, as they said, to defeat a fusion fatal to Populist principles. In fact, so many of the old Populist leaders were this year outside of the fusion ranks that it seemed as if in the West also, as well as the South, the People's party were disintegrating. On the Pacific slope the fusion forces were still further hampered by the supposed identification of their cause with the single tax. In California their candidate for Governor, Mr. McGuire, was a single-taxer, while in Washington a plank in the State platform favoring the submission of an amendment allowing local option in taxation was treated by the Republican press as an indorsement of Mr. George's measure. This attitude was, of course, disclaimed by the fusion speakers, but inasmuch as local option in taxation was regarded by the farmers as a plan to exempt personal property from taxation (and for this reason had been defeated by Populist votes in the Legislature), the farmers refused to come to the polls to indorse their party under what seemed to be either single-tax or monopoly leadership. In the far West, however, as in New England, local measures had less to do with the result than the attitude of the President towards territorial expansion. On the Pacific slope it was believed that territorial expansion in the Orient meant a vast commercial development for the West, and in the Central States the feeling that Spain must be expelled from the Philippines, whatever our future attitude toward them, was so overwhelming that the Republicans kept to the front the issue of indorsing President McKinley's attitude and not "helping Spain" and her sympathizers by seeming to repudiate his position. As regards representatives in Congress, the Republicans in this section made a gain of thirteen in the House, besides Senators from California and North Dakota and perhaps also from Nebraska. The popular vote stood approximately as follows:

	1896.	1898.
Republican	641,000	600,000
Fusion	784,000	650,000

❀

The South In the Southern States the conspicuous feature of the election was the complete collapse of the People's party. The Democrats in every State squarely indorsed the Chicago platform; and while this action kept in the rear or in the Republican ranks many of the former Democratic leaders, it brought back to the party thousands of Populistic farmers and kept thousands of others from working, or even voting, against Democratic success. Even in the Georgia district which was twice fairly carried by ex-Congressman Watson,

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the intellectual and moral leader of the Southern Populists, there was this year no Populist ticket in the field. In fact, outside of North Carolina and Texas, the People's party was hardly a factor in the election, and in North Carolina it and its Republican allies lost every Congressional district, while in Texas the plurality against it reached very nearly 200,000. These signal defeats for the Populists naturally affected the Republicans. The two parties in the South have been allied chiefly because they were both opposed to the methods by which the old Democratic aristocracy maintained itself in power, but partly because they were in substantial agreement as regards their political programmes. The People's party has furnished most of the organizers and active workers for this fusion movement, though the negro Republicans in some districts supplied the bulk of the votes. It was inevitable, therefore, that when the People's party lost its strength, the Republican party should lose also. The Republican vote throughout the South was much smaller than it has been before. So far as Congressmen are concerned, there was a Democratic gain of eleven. There are now but seven Republican Congressmen out of 105 in the thirteen Southern States. As regards the popular vote, as nearly as can be determined from inadequate returns, the changes have been as follows:

	1896.	1898.
Democratic	1,568,000	1,350,000
Republican	886,000	700,000
Populist	363,000	200,000

❀

The Virden Strike It is announced that the Virden mine strike in Illinois has been set led. The telegraphic dispatch announcing the facts gives but scant information respecting the details of the agreement, but we judge that it is practically a surrender by the proprietors to the striking miners. The statement is made that the company agrees to pay the State scale of forty cents per ton, and has consented that the stockade around the mine shall be taken down, provided the miners do the work. Respecting the original merits of this controversy we have nothing here to say, but we think it unfortunate for the interests of law and order that the company should have entered on such a controversy with the striking miners without foreseeing the end from the beginning. Every such surrender to violence is an invitation to its repetition in the future. The history in brief, as nearly as we can gather it from the very imperfect reports which have been furnished through the daily press, is: First, a strike by the miners on the question of wages. Second, arming on both sides for a battle, the conversion of the mine into a fort with a stockade, the importation not merely of negro laborers, which was quite justifiable, but the arming of those laborers and their conversion into a military force, which was not justifiable. Third, as an inevitable consequence, a battle between the armed miners and the armed imported laborers, with an entire failure on the part of the sheriff, whether through weakness or incompetence we do not know, to preserve the peace. According to one account, he justified and supported the company in arming its imported laborers. If this is the case, he seems to us to have been clearly wrong. Fourth, the entire failure on the part of the Governor of the State to preserve order, and his distinct repudiation of the right of American citizens to go into the State of Illinois from another State for the purpose of engaging in honest and legitimate industry. He is reported to have issued orders forbidding negroes to enter the State of Illinois for the purpose of taking the place of the strikers—orders which have been, apparently, efficiently carried out by the military authorities of the State.

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The President's Duty Both in this case and in that of the race conflicts in the Carolinas, the President has been blamed for not interfering. It appears to us, however, that in both cases the President's abstention from action is fully justified. The New York "Independent" of last week states clearly the principle which must govern the Executive. He may call forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions; in case in any State its republican form of government is threatened, he may and must protect it, on application of the Legislature or of the Executive, against domestic violence; and, finally, it is his duty to protect the citizens of a State in their equal rights whenever the constituted authorities of the State fail so to do." But, as the "Independent" well says, "the President cannot rely on rumor; he must have some official information, always to be had in time, of such denial." In the case of the Chicago riots President Cleveland interfered

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for the purpose of enforcing the processes of a Federal court, and protecting the carriage of the mails. Neither in Illinois nor in North Carolina has there been such a state of things that the President could properly interfere, until the facts were brought to his notice in some official form. It is evident that conflict of authority is scarcely less perilous than absence of authority. The difficulties at Virden have been greatly increased by such conflict of authority. The sheriff appears to have sympathized with the mine-owners, and to have reinforced them; the Governor to have sympathized with the strikers, and to have reinforced them. Little would be gained by a third authority coming into conflict with both. It is very clear that the peril to local self-government would be very great if the President might, whenever such a conflict between local authorities should arise, come in with Federal troops, decide the question between the contending local authorities, and enforce his decision by the United States army. The peril from such a policy would ultimately be far greater than the peril from local and temporary mobs.

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The Peace Commission At Paris, the deadlock between American and Spanish Commissioners continues. While no formal ultimatum has been sent from Washington to our Commissioners—as has been stated by some papers—there is no doubt that they are under general instructions to insist on Spain withdrawing altogether from the Philippines; and that, until this demand is acceded to, the fixing of the exact amount which our Government is willing to assume as a just debt of the Philippine Islands will not be considered. On the other hand, Spain as yet shows no sign of yielding her claim to sovereignty, and is no doubt doing all in her power to obtain the diplomatic assistance of other Powers. The coming visit of the German Emperor to Spain is being utilized by the Spanish press and diplomats as having a bearing in this direction favorable to Spain. During the week there has been full discussion of the negotiations at Washington preceding the signing of the protocol, with the sole result of showing that, while Spain undoubtedly worked hard to gain from President McKinley and Secretary of State Day some admission that Spain's sovereignty over the Philippines should be admitted as a basis of the future treaty, in point of fact no such admission was made, and a formal written protocol was insisted upon by the United States, largely to prevent any possible misunderstanding on this point. The protocol means exactly what it says; and its language is very plain. It is quite competent for Spain to insist on sovereignty, and it is equally competent for the United States to insist on entire cession of the islands. If the Commissioners cannot agree upon the one course or the other, or a compromise between the two, the treaty will fall through. Present indications are, however, that a final agreement will be reached.

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General Miles's Report A strong impression is left by the careful reading of the annual report of Major-General Miles that among the reforms to be made in army organization should be that of making definite the duties, powers, and limitations of the Major-General commanding the army. It is quite clear that in the late war the War Department regarded Major-General Miles as an advisory officer rather than as a commander-in-chief; and General Miles himself does not seem to have been altogether certain as to when and where he should simply advise and when and where he should command. The report shows that at the outset of the war General Miles was of the opinion that it would be a mistake to place an army in Cuba before our navy controlled the Cuban waters, and when it was all but certain that our loss from disease would be very large. He wrote to the Secretary of War to that effect in April, and then expressed the belief that the surrender of the Spanish army in Cuba could be obtained without any great sacrifice of life, and that the danger of the rainy season was exceedingly great. This recommendation was, as we all know, disregarded. General Miles followed it by an urgent request that the volunteers should be thoroughly equipped and disciplined before being sent to Cuba. He formulated a general order fixing a standard of supplies and equipment for field service, but this order was delayed in publication by the Department until it was almost useless. He declares plainly that, in his opinion, lack of equipage, medical supplies, and transportation facilities were to "a great extent the cause of the debilitating effect upon the health and strength of the

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men." When it was positively determined that the Shafter expedition should be sent, General Miles wished to go with it, and requested to be assigned for that service. This wish also was disregarded, and the only reply was a request from the Department to know how soon an expedition to Porto Rico could be fitted out.

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Defects Foreseen

Of special importance is the fact, shown by the report, that before General Shafter's expedition sailed, General Miles sent to General Shafter an official letter urging that thorough attention should be given to all the details of transportation, and, in particular, to the amount, variety, and places in the transports of all hospital supplies, ammunition, and general stores. General Miles foresaw what turned out to be the deplorable lack of boats and lighters for landing men; and if his advice and directions had been followed, the expedition would not have departed so poorly supplied with means for conveniently and safely landing men and stores. Readers of Mr. Kennan's articles in The Outlook will remember how serious were the delay and confusion due to this one lack. General Miles includes in his report a plan of campaign submitted by him to the War Department, to which also very little attention appears to have been paid, although it is true that much of it was rendered unnecessary by the adoption of the peace protocol. The statement in the report of the relations between General Miles and General Shafter at Santiago does not differ greatly from that already given to the public, and does not indicate that there was anything like a serious clash of authority. The negotiations for the surrender, General Miles reiterates with detail, were conducted by himself as Commander-in-Chief of the army, and as having full power.

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The Future of the Army

Very important are the recommendations made by General Miles for the increase of the regular army in the future. These recommendations are quite in line with those made in General Howard's article in The Outlook last week, although in method they are somewhat different. General Miles believes that it would be desirable to fix a certain percentage of trained soldiers to the population of the country, and to increase the army in the same ratio with the increase of population. He again, as in former reports, recommends that the Government authorize enlistment in the army at the rate of one soldier to every thousand of the population. At present, this would continue the army at about its present size; if no such provision is made, the Act which authorized the war increase of the army would call for its reduction to the old peace basis after the treaty of peace has been signed. General Miles also warmly recommends, as does General Howard, the employing of auxiliary native forces in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippine Islands, and he would fix the number of those forces also by a proportion to the population—thus, he would have not more than two native soldiers to every thousand of the population of the islands. He rightly declares that the question of fixing the size of the army is of vital importance, and should be acted on at an early date. It is noticeable that he sees no occasion for any such standing army as some of those who have dreaded expansion imagine would necessarily follow that policy.

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The Army Investigation

The Army Investigation Commission has continued to take testimony during the last fortnight at Washington, Harrisburg, Chicago, and elsewhere. We give in brief some of the salient points in the testimony: Major-General H. W. Lawton, speaking of the Shafter expedition generally, thought that no serious or gross mistakes were made, that there was no lack of care on the part of those in authority, and that he did not see how it could be done differently if it were to be done over; he admitted that there were no ambulances, that the men were often without cover, that there was a great deal of sickness due to the lack of rations, proper cooking, and tents, but thought that all these things were unavoidable. Colonel Alleson hinted very strongly that political influences had put incompetent men from civil life over the heads of experienced army men, with bad results. General George W. Davis, of the Second Division, thought that the prime cause of illness at Chickamauga and Camp Alger was the indiscretion of the men in eating and drinking. On the other hand, Chief Surgeon Girard said that Camp Alger was located in a typhoid district, known to

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be such before the camp was established. Dr. G. A. Smith, Brigade Surgeon of the Second Division at Camp Thomas, said that the water taken for the hospitals up to August 1 "was so full of sediment that it was simply slush and not water," that there were no trained nurses, that back of the hospital tent there was a stagnant cesspool until August, that patients had to lie on the ground on account of the lack of cots, that food other than army rations for the sick was lacking, and that official complaints received no attention. Captain Romeyn, a retired officer, who was at Camp Thomas and Tampa, criticised the equipment of the Shafter expedition as having no surf-boats and only two scows, one of which was lost, and being deficient in order and system in many ways. He gave a terrible description of the condition of the transport Concho on its return trip to the United States with sick soldiers; sleeping accommodations were rough board bunks, the water was offensive to sight, smell, and taste, the food was scarce and poor, the only physician was a convalescent passenger; he declared positively that with proper attention and good water some of the men who died might have lived. Colonel Hartsuff, for some time Chief Surgeon at Camp Thomas, declared that sickness there was largely due to the inexperience and inefficiency of line officers who did not support the medical officers properly, and that he had protested without effect against piping the water from Chickamauga Creek. Captain F. N. Moore ascribed the epidemic of typhoid at Camp Thomas to bad water supply, filthy condition of the cesspools, and rotten food; he laid much stress on the injury done to the health of the troops by the forced eight-mile march in heavy clothing for a review before General Sanger on a day when the thermometer registered 115° in the sun.

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Lord Salisbury's Speech

Lord Salisbury's speech at the annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London at Guildhall on Wednesday evening last was the event of the week, and made a profound impression both in England and on the Continent, where it was variously interpreted. Beginning with a reference to the murder of the Empress of Austria, and announcing that Great Britain had accepted an invitation to take part in a conference called to devise measures to blot out Anarchy, the Premier went on to congratulate the country on the results of the British campaign in India and in the Soudan, and added that, although the proceedings of the Concert of Europe were not always admired, "patient application combined with the moral strength of Europe" had at last fulfilled the promise to the Cretans and given them autonomy under the suzerainty of the Sultan. The Premier declared that England had recently had to consider the question of European war, but that the good judgment and common sense displayed by France had relieved Europe of a threatening storm. Referring to the various rumors suggestive of the seizure of Syria and Crete and the declaration of an English protectorate over Egypt, the Prime Minister declared that Great Britain was well satisfied with the existing state of things, and that, in the judgment of the Ministry, no cause had arisen which makes it necessary to modify existing conditions. These conditions occasion friction at times, but they are probably as wise and workable as any that could be suggested. "I must not be understood," said the Prime Minister, "as meaning that Great Britain's position in Egypt is the same now as it was before the fall of Omdurman, but we earnestly hope that circumstances will not make it necessary materially to modify that position, as we are convinced that the world would not then get on so peaceably as now." Referring to the Czar's action in calling together a congress to provide for disarmament, Lord Salisbury said that while England offered her heartiest tributes and expressed her willingness to assist and sympathize in every way, she must still provide precautions to counteract surrounding dangers.

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Does Expansion Mean War?

In a passing allusion to the war with Spain, Lord Salisbury said that this was the first year in which the force of the American Republic had been introduced among nations "whose dominions are expanding, and whose instruments to a certain extent are war." "No one can deny that the appearance of the American Republic among factors Asiatic, and possibly in European diplomacy, is a grave and serious event, which may not conduce to the interests of peace, but in any event is likely to conduce to the interests of Great Britain." These words in reference

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to this country, and the declaration that the appearance of America in the East may not conduce to peace, have been, it would appear, misunderstood by many of the Continental newspapers, some of which interpret the Premier's statements as an invitation to America to form an alliance against Europe, and others discover in them a slight to this country. In both cases the editors are evidently reading their own thoughts into the Premier's words. Any reflection on this country, any criticism of it, or any slight to it, was evidently furthest from the mind of Lord Salisbury, as was also the idea of any invitation to form an alliance with England against Europe. If such an invitation were to be extended, it would not reach this country first by way of a Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall. It is significant, however, as an indication to the rest of Europe that if any other Power endeavors to interfere between Spain and the United States, it may have to reckon with Great Britain.

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Turkey and Germany

The imperial pilgrimage to the Holy Land was the occasion, not the cause, of the important concessions which the Sultan is reported to have made to Germany; the cause of these concessions was the invaluable services which the German Emperor has rendered Turkey during the last ten years. It is no secret that German drill, organization, and armament prepared the Turks for the easy victory which they gained in the tragical war with Greece, and it is no secret that Germany has more than once stood with the Sultan against the Great Powers in important crises; and now the Sultan is beginning to discharge his obligations. He is to give German trade the first place in the countries governed by Turkey. The commercial port at Haidar Pacha has been granted to German merchants, the German railroad from Bagdad to the Mediterranean is to be completed, and a new railroad in German hands is to connect the Sea of Marmora with the Persian Gulf. Asia Minor is, therefore, to come definitely within the sphere of German commercial and political influence, and the Emperor is to realize his ambition in that great and important field. Precisely that which was intimated in these columns as the probable result of the visit has now come about. The Emperor has a great fondness for doing things in a dramatic, and sometimes in a melodramatic, way; but it is noticeable that the dramatic element always serves a serious purpose with him. He has gained the position of generous and disinterested friend with the Sultan; he has practically resuscitated the Turkish Empire; he has presented the abode of the Blessed Virgin to the Pope, in the name of German Catholics, and by so doing has made himself *persona grata* both at Rome and among his own subjects who owe allegiance to the Pope; and he has interfered with the long-established traditional right of the French to act as special protector of the lives and property of all Catholics in the East. Germany will now care for her own Catholic subjects in that quarter.

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The Chinese Emperor's Deposition

The full story of the deposition of the Emperor of China and the return of the Empress Dowager to power has at last reached Europe. It appears that the Emperor had decided to remove the Empress Dowager to a separate palace, where she would be shut off from communication with officials and unable to interfere with the line of action which was outlined in the rapid succession of edicts providing for the reorganization of the Empire. Warning had reached the Emperor that the Empress and Li Hung Chang were conspiring to rob him of power; in order to protect himself and carry out his measures, upon consultation with Yuan, the Emperor had decided to bring a large force of troops to the capital. Unfortunately, Yuan told a friend in confidence, and this friend promptly carried the Emperor's plan to the Empress Dowager. The Emperor received an urgent message to visit the Empress Dowager; he did so, and from that day he has not been seen by any outsiders except a French physician. As soon as the Empress had secured the custody of the Emperor's person she ordered the arrest of all the leaders of the reform party, and, after a sham trial, six prominent officials were decapitated Her methods are illustrated by the neat little scheme by which she disposed of the life of Chang Yin Yuan, one of the prominent reformers. The life of Chang was spared, and he was exiled to Kashgari, as the result of an appeal by the British and Japanese Ministers. He was accompanied by two servants, a cook, a guard of ten soldiers, also by an extra man, or runner. This man carried with him a warrant

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for the execution of Chang, and he was to kill all his servants so that no news of the death should reach Peking. He was ordered to execute his warrant at a considerable distance from Peking, but, becoming impatient at the end of four days' travel, he strangled Chang, and the servants, with a single exception, were also killed. The facts are known only to a few persons besides the Empress, and the former are under a reign of terror which makes it impossible for them to talk about it. In fact, all Peking is under a reign of terror, and no official who has at any time favored reform or been friendly to foreigners is sure of his life. Edicts have been issued by the Empress suppressing newspapers and magazines, restoring the old system of examination for civil service, and bringing in all the old abuses. In a word, the reform movement which the Emperor projected has been checked at every point and the old order restored in every particular.

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Old-Age Pensions

New Zealand has recently made a remarkable experiment by a law allowing £18 a year (about $90) to every person in the colony whose income is less than 13s. ($3.25) a week, and whose age is over sixty-five. This is practically an application of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's idea of old-age pensions, and is especially interesting by reason of the time and place of its probable operation. New Zealand is pre-eminently the leader in advanced democratic legislation, and whatever distrust may be felt in regard to some of its experiments is fairly well balanced by the approval of changes which have proved solidly beneficial, and by the deep interest which its fearless attempts to actualize theories of social amelioration have excited. This thought of old-age pensions is deep in the minds of millions of workmen, especially in Europe, and it is associated with the idea of justice due from the community to those whose labor has benefited it, as well as the duty of the State, the executive organ of the community, to see that justice is done. New Zealand is apparently about to do what vast masses of democratic voters in England and on the Continent of Europe would like to see done in their respective countries; and, if New Zealand is successful in the attempt, the hopes of the older peoples will be perceptibly nearer realization. We have not yet seen any particulars as to the methods of taxation to provide for these pensions. Much will depend upon the view of the Government as to special contributions by workmen. The London "Spectator" recommends that the necessary taxation should take the form of a system of universal compulsory insurance, supervised and rather heavily aided by the State. "There is no doubt in any one's mind," says that journal, "that pensions to the aged poor or the aged population, whenever adopted, must involve increased taxation, but there is absolutely no reason why that taxation should not take the just and expedient form of a minute payment from the age of majority to that of sixty-five." In New Zealand, however, this could hardly be done if the process savored of treating workingmen as a class; the strongly felt, not to say fierce, democratic equality of the people would not allow it. The taxes for pensions will in all probability be levied in the ordinary way.

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Canadian Charities and Correction

The American Conference of Charities and Correction which met in Toronto over one year ago gave the incentive to a like organization in Canada, and last week there was convened in the same city the first Canadian Conference. Mayor Shaw and members of the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Senate delivered cordial addresses of welcome, after which prominent philanthropists from both sides of the line settled down to practical and earnest discussions. If there was any lingering doubt about the need of such a gathering, it was soon dispelled by the stereopticon lecture of Mr. J. J. Kelso, which gave some impressive illustrations of destitution and need in a land of plenty. The principal topic of the first evening was the scientific treatment of inebriates, which was discussed by Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., who contended that drunkenness is a disease and not a crime. He also offered valuable suggestions in connection with the founding of inebriate hospitals. Judge McDonald, of Brockville, and Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, presided on the second day, when papers and addresses of great value to charitable and reformatory workers were given. The work of child-saving was made particularly prominent by Sheriff Cameron, of London. The discussion of organized charity brought out several examples of fraud and imposture on the part of applicants for relief, and showed

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the need of intelligent co-operation by those who have to do with the distribution of help. In connection with the care of imbecile women, Dr. Beaton, of the Orillia Asylum, gave an instance of seventeen children of unsound mind descended from a like mother; while Mrs. Tilley, of London, presented a valuable statistical paper showing that there are at least 1,235 feeble-minded women of child-bearing age in the Dominion. The closing meeting of the Conference was in connection with the Prisoners' Aid Association, when the Hon. Chancellor Allan presided, and strong resolutions were passed favoring indeterminate sentences, the removal of girls from the evil influences of the Woman's Reformatory to a suitable Refuge, the better care of imbecile women, the introduction of the reformatory element in the prisons, and the establishment of one or more hospitals for the treatment of alcoholic inebriates.

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The Canadian Commission

The Commission for the settlement of outstanding difficulties between this country and Canada resumed its sessions at Washington on November 10. Some of the members were not present, including Mr. Coolidge, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Sir James Winter, but they were expected in a day or two. It is understood that our Commissioners are holding separate meetings for the discussion of the reciprocity schedules. When the Conference adjourned at Quebec nothing definite had been done in regard to reciprocity, but now the preparation of a list of exchangeable articles is in progress. Judging by reports, there is reason to believe that Canadian lumber is likely to be admitted free or at a greatly decreased rate of duty, as it is thought that the views of Michigan lumbermen have undergone a change and are now more favorable to the Canadian contention. Senator Faulkner has made a statement that party issues will not be allowed to interfere with the negotiations, and though this is a point on which Commissioners on both sides can speak only from the present outlook, and largely from personal feeling and attitude, the cordial relations between the American and British peoples cannot but tend to a satisfactory settlement. Committee work will demand attention for some time, as it is the intention to have all preliminary work completed by committees before the Commission takes up the subjects for a final decision. One of the Commissioners has stated that there will be no separate settlement of any one subject, but that each subject will remain open until all are disposed of. We shall keep our readers informed of the progress of the negotiations.

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Lessons from the Election

We have reported in our review of the week at considerable length the results of the recent election. We here indicate some of the lessons which it affords.

I. The Republican party is put by this election in control of the Government; the House, the Senate, and the Executive are all of one party. At the same time the majority is so small as to compel the party to pursue a cautious and conservative policy. The country is to be congratulated on this result, because we think it is always a misfortune to have the National progress blocked by a divided government, and National responsibility escaped because it can be put upon no one party organization. Thus, for example, certain journals have been inclined to hold the Republican party responsible for not passing or attempting to pass a reformed currency law. But it is an open secret that such leaders as the President and the Speaker of the House were opposed to making the attempt, because it was perfectly evident that no legislation adverse to free silver could pass the Senate. Conservative Republicans argued that to open the currency question to public debate, by introducing legislation into the House which could never pass the Senate, would only have the effect of unsettling business and impairing prosperity, without any beneficial results; and we think they were right. The country will now rightfully hold the Republican party, as a party, responsible for whatever policy is pursued during the next two years on the three great National problems: Federal taxation; currency; and expansion. And if the country is not satisfied with the result, it can initiate a change at the end of the two years.

II. The free silver issue is for the present dropped out of public thought; whether permanently or not will depend largely upon the course of the next Congress. The Outlook does not believe that the proposition to open the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 will ever be likely again to be presented in a

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practical manner to the American people. Nor is there any present probability of international bimetallism becoming a practicable basis for a world currency. We wish it were otherwise, because we still believe that the safest and justest currency would be one based on international bimetallism on some ratio to be agreed upon by the great commercial nations of the world. But we do not think it wise ever to take wishes for facts, and to believe that that will be which we simply wish might be.

But, on the other hand, we do not believe that the currency question is settled or will be settled until some financial statesman arises wise enough to formulate and strong enough to secure the adoption of a system which will provide a widely distributed currency, a currency of equal value all over the country, and transmutable into one of equal value all over the world; one which will automatically expand in hard times and contract in good times, instead of, as now, contracting when it is most needed and expanding when it is least needed; and, finally, which will have such a stable basis underneath it as to prevent those panics which are always liable to occur under a system which creates indefinitely expanded and sometimes illusory credit.

III. The question of expansion is differently viewed by different localities. The Pacific coast is commercially interested in a policy which may divert our trade with the Far East from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, make Portland and San Francisco rivals of New York and Boston, and send all grain raised on the Western slope directly to the East. It is, therefore, desirous of expansion, if not annexation, from purely commercial reasons. The Central West, believing with enthusiastic faith in democracy, audacious in its courage, and always willing to try experiments, is desirous to see applied in the Philippines the same principle of democracy which has worked within a single generation such marvelous results in California and Oregon, and within half a century in all the country west of the Mississippi. The East, conservative, not to say timid, believing in self-government for the Anglo-Saxon race but very doubtful about it for other races, half-consciously dreading a policy which may transfer commercial supremacy from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and always hesitating about experiments, dreads annexation and doubts any form of expansion. It is more than willing that Spain should be driven from the Philippines; it is very reluctant to assume any responsibility for them.

IV. The elections in New York and Pennsylvania indicate forcibly, if not conclusively, that the hope of the Independents is not in organizing an Independent party, but in being always ready to transfer their votes from one party to the other when the transfer is demanded by those considerations of honor which transcend all political questions. The Citizens' Union party, which last year in Manhattan and Bronx cast seventy-seven thousand votes for Mr. Low, cast this year eight hundred for Mr. Bacon. Dr. Swallow fell behind his vote of last year in Pennsylvania, and the election demonstrates that as a party the Independent movement has passed its culmination in that State. On the other hand, the Independents in New York, by their demand, compelled the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt, and, as Colonel Roosevelt has publicly acknowledged, their votes elected him.

These seem to us the chief lessons of the election.

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A National Thanksgiving

The day of National Thanksgiving brings with it this year a deep sense of gratitude to God for blessings so great and so manifold that they cannot be numbered; blessings of health, of prosperity, of fruitful fields, of gathered harvests, of unbroken internal peace, of a quickened sense of the power of nationality, of a clearer sympathy of section with section and a deeper love of country, of a new courage and hope for the work of the future, of a new consciousness of the greatness of the Nation's opportunity and the weight of the Nation's responsibilities. These reasons for gratitude are in a sense special and unusual; they seem to stand this year in shining array. And he must be dull of heart or of imagination who is not moved to fresh expression of gratitude as the story of the year unrolls itself in his memory. The gifts of God to the American people during the past twelve months have had a divine largeness and fullness; they have ministered to the soul of the Nation; they have added to that inward strength which is the real source of authority, and to that inward peace which comes with the sense of the possession of great opportunities and the bearing of

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great responsibilities. The fields have been ripe in other years, and the song of the harvest has swept across the continent in a kind of sublime antiphonal chorus, State answering to State from sea to sea; but this year the harvest has been white in those unseen fields where all that is noblest in a people's life comes to flower and fruit.

Men are prone to thank God for those prosperities of vine and meadow and shop and ship which make life easy and comfortable; but they are rarely grateful for those divine happenings which make life difficult and great. Times and seasons for special thanksgiving are wise and necessary; for men need to be reminded of what they have received, and they need to have provision made for the special expression of their gratitude; but the grateful man does not depend on days and festivals for his thought of God's goodness and care for him; these thoughts are always with him, and the song of thanksgiving is always in his heart. Grace before meat is not an empty repetition of words; it is the phrase that forms on the lips out of the fullness of the heart. There are days so beautiful in their harmony of season, temperature, and light that when they dawn and we breathe the air of the radiant morning we say instinctively, "It is good to live." To be a part of the moving order of the world on such a day seems to be a sufficient reason for existence; we do not care to go behind the fact of life.

To one who sees the spiritual order of the world and recognizes the sublime chances of spiritual fortune which it offers, there is no need of special causes of gratitude; such a one thanks God daily that he lives. About him is the glory of the world which God's stars light and God's sun warms into fertility; around him are his brother men, needing his care, calling for his love, appealing for his service: let him stand where he will, there is a chance to be and to do, to live in the depths of the soul and to pour out the soul like a river for the refreshment of the world; around him are also ways without number of bearing the crosses of love and making its sacrifices; above him are the shining ones who, out of weakness such as his and in troubles and adversities like his own, have walked the way of life with steadfast fidelity and made that way luminous; before him, like a vast, half-seen avenue of some great city at night, stretches the path which grows more and more to the perfect day.

A man is specially and divinely fortunate, not when his conditions are easy, but when they evoke the very best that is in him; when they provoke him to nobleness and sting him into strength; when they clear his vision, kindle his enthusiasm, and inspire his will. The best moments in a man's life are often the hardest and the most perilous; but he thinks no more of personal discomfort and exposure than a thousand other brave men have thought of these things when the hour of destiny had struck. When the bugle rings across the field, the deadly line of fire that must be crossed is forgotten in the response to the duty which beckons from the heights above. Happy are they to whom life brings, not ease and physical comfort, but great chances of heroism, sacrifice, and service! The great ages have never been comfortable ages; they have demanded too much and given too much. The comfortable ages are those which neither urge a man to leave his fireside nor offer him great rewards if he does so; the great ages are those which will not let a man rest for the multitude of choices of works and perils they offer him. In easy, comfortable, money-making times men grow callous to suffering, dull of insight, sluggish of soul; in stirring, growing, stimulating times they draw in great breaths of mountain air, they are afield with the sun, consumed with eagerness to lavish the gift of life in one great outpouring of energy. One who knows what to be grateful for would thank God for Drake's chance to die, sword in hand, facing his foes half a world from home; for Sidney's opportunity to pass on the cup of water to one whose thirst had less to assuage it; for Livingstone's noble home-coming, borne in sorrow and silence out of the heart of the dark continent on the shoulders of men who could not measure his greatness but who reverenced his spirit.

For all sweet and pleasant passages in the great story of life men may well thank God; for leisure and ease and health and friends may God make us truly and humbly grateful; but our chief song of thanksgiving must be always for our kinship with Him, with all that such divinity of greatness brings of peril, hardship, toil, and sacrifice. And to-day the Nation looks back and thanks God that, in a great crisis, the children whom it had nurtured in peace and prosperity suddenly

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showed the stuff of heroes; they were not afraid to dare and to die when the bugle rang clear across the quiet fields. Wherever and however duty called, they answered with their lives. Let the Nation thank God that it still breeds the men who make life great by service and sacrifice; that time and work and pleasure and wealth have not sapped the sources of its inward strength; that it still knows how to dare all and do all in that hour when manhood alone counts and achieves.

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The North Carolina Race Conflict

It is very difficult to secure an accurate and impartial statement of the facts respecting the race conflict in North Carolina. It is easy for Northerners to suppose, as some of them appear to do, that the whites hate the negroes and are determined to have all the offices themselves, even if they have to commit murder to accomplish the result, and that the ante-election threats and the election riotings were due to this anti-negro prejudice and this greed of office. This explanation is too simple to be true, and is not consistent with the course which, in the main, throughout the South the whites have pursued toward the colored people. It is also easy to suppose that the negroes were stirred up by demagogues, that they became rapacious of office, intolerable in office, and that the only way left to secure safety to property or person was by armed revolution on the part of the whites. This explanation is also too simple to be true, and it does not accord with what is known of the spirit and conduct of the negroes generally throughout the South. The truth probably is that both elements combined in making the tragical affray in the late election in North Carolina: anti-negro prejudice, on the one hand, excited by the course of foolish, demagogical, and unscrupulous leaders of an ignorant black majority; and anti-negro prejudice, on the other hand, intensified by bitter partisanship. We shall seek in this article to give to our Northern readers a Southern view of the election riots and the causes which led to them, drawing our information wholly from the Atlanta "Constitution," whose correspondent, Mr. Frank Weldon, represented that paper in North Carolina.

On Tuesday morning, November 8, Mr. Weldon gave notice through the "Constitution" that revolution was impending: "Enough small arms have been imported in this State in the last sixty days to equip an entire division of the United States army. . . . The negroes have been getting guns, and they threaten to go armed to the polls in the morning. . . . In the eastern counties the white Republicans and Fusionists have been publicly put on notice that if a collision comes they are doomed men. . . . The Fusionists have made a series of blunders. They challenged the Democrats to raise the race issue; they appealed to President McKinley to send Federal troops here; they had Democrats arrested on testimony so worthless that a Populist judge dismissed the cases without argument; and they have made their cause so disreputable that self-respecting Republicans and Populists turned against them even more bitterly than the Democrats. . . . Almost all the Northern Republicans will vote to get rid of negro rule." The Atlanta "Constitution" adds editorially the reason for this determination: "In North Carolina, as in Georgia, the Republican party is the negro party, and the negroes secure the bulk of the offices. It is not necessary to go into details. The result in North Carolina was what might have been predicted where ignorance, irresponsibility, and dishonesty joined in the conflict of party views. Spoliation, corruption, recklessness, and a total disregard for the present or future welfare of the State have marked the course of negro domination in North Carolina. . . . There is no State in the North where the people would have submitted to such a condition for three months."

These conditions led on naturally to those which characterized election day. A picture of the state of affairs in Wilmington, North Carolina, will serve as an illustration: "The entire city is under arms. . . . In one precinct polling-place there are three negroes and twenty-one white men counting votes. Around this polling-place, lying in ambush, there are perhaps five hundred Red Shirts and fifteen hundred negroes. The white men are armed, generally, with Winchesters, while the negroes have old army muskets, shotguns, or pistols. The character of the locality is particularly advantageous to the negroes, and they know it. Hundreds are secreted in near-by high weeds, etc., from which deadly volleys could be poured into fool-headed Red Shirts, who are absolutely indifferent to their precarious position. . . . A few rods from

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the polling-house it is dangerous to rustle weeds or make any noise, lest a rock or bullet come whizzing uncomfortably near."

The purpose of the whites in thus arming was frankly avowed by their leaders, as by ex-Congressman Waddell: "You are Anglo-Saxons. You are armed and prepared, and you will do your duty. Be ready at a moment's notice. Go to the polls to-morrow, and if you find the negro outvoting, tell him to leave the polls, and if he refuses, kill him. Shoot him down in his tracks. We shall win to-morrow, if we have to do it with guns." The result was what might have been expected. The negroes in such an encounter were no match for the whites. Friday morning's paper announces the death of eight negroes and the wounding of three white citizens. The office of a negro newspaper was sacked, the press demolished, and the building itself burned. It must, we think, be confessed that the editorial in the negro paper furnished, not a justification, but a great provocation, to the mob. It counseled the whites to "guard their women more closely" if they wished them protected from assault, and intimated that the fault in cases of assault was often with the white women as well as with the negro men. In Wilmington, where the revolution seems to have been at its worst, the entire municipal government resigned, and the newly elected one took its place without waiting for the time when, according to the law, the change would take place. The Friday after the election "not a city negro was to be seen on the streets. Hundreds of negroes, men, women, and children, fled to the woods. . . . Ample protection, however, was given to all colored people who were peaceable and law-abiding. All who behaved themselves were escorted to and from their work by armed white men."

We have thus given to our readers a Southern view of the election riots in North Carolina, for the purpose of enabling them to see the event as the Southerner himself sees it. The Atlanta "Constitution" appears to have made a very honest effort to give a true account of all that took place, though its hostility to negro rule and its sympathy with the revolutionists, though not with all their methods, is not denied or concealed. Endeavoring here to express a moral judgment on the event, such as future history will express, we do not think that the responsibility for the tragedy can be laid wholly upon the "Red Shirts." Its primal cause was the unstatesmanlike endeavor, made at the close of the Civil War, to establish universal suffrage in the South, without respect to either intelligence or character. We admit the difficulties of the reconstruction problem. To some extent they were insoluble; but they certainly could not be solved by the false assumption that men graduated from the school of slavery, some of them as masters, some of them as slaves, and some of them as "poor whites," could be left to govern themselves on a basis of simple manhood suffrage. In the long run and by one method or another, the stronger or more intelligent, and those who have the greatest interests at stake in any community, will assert themselves and direct and control the government, or at least prevent it from becoming intolerable under the control of an unintelligent majority. The tragedy was due, secondly, to the criminal folly of men, so far as we can judge on both sides, who stimulated race prejudice and helped to bring on a race war. The crime was perhaps greater in the demagogical leaders of the whites, but the folly was greater in the demagogical leaders of the negroes. It was due, thirdly, to the inefficiency—to put it mildly—of the Governor of the State, who was bound by every consideration of loyalty and honor, and by the sanctity of his gubernatorial oath, to protect the ballot-boxes from violence. His attempt to prevent an election riot by inducing both parties to unite in a common ticket was, as we said last week, commendable. But he ought not to have allowed armed forces, either black or white, to gather in the vicinity of the polls; and if he had not the power, owing to the feeling in the State, to suppress this unlawful army, he should have appealed to the Federal Government for such force as might be necessary to preserve order, which it then would have been the duty of the President to furnish him. This might have resulted in his political death; it might even have resulted in his assassination; but he lacks in bravery who does not dare to hazard both his fortune and his life in fulfilling the duties which public office puts upon him.

Revolution is sometimes justified. It does not seem to us justified in this case. It is true that "home rule" had been flagrantly violated in Wilmington by a charter which provided for the appointment of five members of the Council by the Governor of the

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State, for party ends; true that under the government thus organized the policemen and most of the sanitary inspectors were negroes; true that it is alleged that, as a result, the city had "been terrorized by a criminal element of the blacks." But it is also true—a fact which the Washington "Post" brings out—that the State, by a tremendous majority, had elected, without the aid of "Red Shirts" and shotguns, a Legislature which had both the will and the power to correct these evils and re-establish a better government in the city. It is probable that this revolution will put an end at present to what is known as negro domination in eastern North Carolina. But it has been accomplished by violent methods which cannot be justified. None the less it foretokens a truth which it will be well for the whole Nation to learn, apropos of the new issues which lie before it in the Philippines. Mere numbers cannot permanently confer political power. A subject race can become politically powerful only as it becomes virtuous, self-restrained, and intelligent. If any reliance can be placed on the Southern view of the North Carolina revolution, the negro domination in Wilmington, if not in the whole of eastern North Carolina, was a domination of an ignorant and unintelligent people following foolish, not to say unscrupulous, leaders. It has been ended by a revolution which was criminal because it was needless.

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The African Question

Under all the circumstances, the French Government has handled the Fashoda question with discretion and courage. It has refused to be driven into an untenable position by popular clamor. France ought to have made her fight against English possession of Egypt fifteen years ago. In 1882 she had an opportunity to occupy Egypt jointly with England, and she refused to accept it, in spite of the fact that her financial interests in the country were vastly larger than those of the English. Those interests, indeed, were paramount, while the English interest was mainly created by the geographical relation of Egypt to India. The French did not see the opportunity, and missed their chance. The English saw it, seized it, and have made magnificent use of it. That is to say, they have put one of the best administrative officers in the world in charge of the country, they have given him a comparatively free hand, he has established order, enforced subordination to law, protected individual rights, and lifted the whole level of life in the country. When the English occupation took place, Mr. Gladstone promised that it should be discontinued when order had been restored. Order was long ago restored, but it is perfectly understood that up to this day it would instantly give way to disorder if the English were to withdraw. They cannot lay down their load, and it would be a disaster to Egypt if they were to do so. Under these circumstances the course of the French Government toward English occupation has been neither consistent nor dignified, because it has not accepted the consequences of its own action. The necessity of the control of the Upper Nile by the Power which governs Egypt has been too recently pointed out in these columns to need reiteration. If England has a right to Egypt, she has a right to the Nile Valley. Circumstances have given her that right, she has used it wisely, and now, by force as well as by right, she commands the country.

But there is a larger question behind the Fashoda incident, and that is the question as to the division of Africa. England wishes to secure a division of the continent without the intervention of a European Congress; France is continually striving to bring about a European Congress and to reopen the Egyptian question as part of the African question. In this contest between the two countries England has so far had the upper hand. She has carried the specific point at issue, and she is to-day practically on a war footing. She proposes to carry out her general plan in Africa without the intervention of Europe; and there is every reason to believe that, if necessary, she will go to war to secure the carrying out of that plan in its integrity. She proposes to hold the center of Africa, and to have an unbroken highway from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope. France has been unable successfully to oppose this determination. Some understanding appears to have been reached with the Emperor of Germany which puts that country out of the way; and it is highly improbable that Russia, with her great schemes in other directions, will concern herself enough about the division of Africa to run the risk of a war with England. At this writing there is every reason to believe that England

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will have what she wants in Africa; and, it must be added, her interest and the interest of civilization on the Dark Continent are practically identical.

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Harold Frederic and the Christian Scientists

The death of Harold Frederic and the subsequent action of the coroner's jury raise a very interesting legal and ethical question: What are the rights and duties of the community in dealing with the subject of health and disease?

Mr. Frederic was seriously ill with h art disease and rheumatic fever. All medical science agrees that in such a case active exercise should be avoided, and smoking nd stimulants prohibited. Mr. Frederic was for a time under medical advice. His physicians prescribed absolute rest, certain specific limitations as regards diet, and no use of tobacco. The case was necessarily protracted, and recovery so slow as to be almost inappreciable, at least by himself. He, or one of his friends for him, discharged the physicians and called in a Christian Scientist in their stead. She attended him to a limited extent, and, in accordance with the theory of Christian Science, treated him by her thoughts when absent as well as when present—in our judgment, quite as well. She did not prescribe any medicines, and it is contended on her behalf that she cannot be proceeded against on the ground that she practiced medicine irregularly, because, in fact, she did not practice medicine; her theories forbade her practicing medicine. She told him, however, that he might eat and drink what he liked, smoke as much as he liked, and take what exercise he chose. He did, in fact, smoke to a considerable extent and take long drives, from which he returned exhausted. The expert medical testimony was to the effect that his death might have been prevented by proper treatment and was expedited by, if not absolutely due to, the course which he was allowed to and did pursue. There was also some evidence tending to show that his mind was not sane at all times, that he himself had no special attachment to or faith in Christian Science, and that for the discharge of the regular physicians and the employment of the Christian Scientist he could not himself be regarded as responsible. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter against the Christian Scientist who treated him and the friend who called her in. They have both been held for trial.

There is no doubt that the community has a right to protect itself against contagious disease. It has a perfect right to compel the use of the best known scientific measures to prevent the spread of diphtheria, smallpox, or yellow fever. No claim by an idealist that a malarial swamp exists only in the imagination of the public and that the fever which it breeds is only a "mortal thought" can avail to prevent the community from draining the swamp or insisting that the fever shall be medically treated. There is, in our judgment, no doubt, either, that the community has a right to interfere for the protection of children from neglect by their parents; and no claim by a parent that he is depending on a charm, or on prayer, or on mental treatment, can avail to prevent the community from taking the child out of the control of the parent and requiring it to be sent to a hospital where it shall receive such medical treatment as modern science indicates to be best fitted for the preservation of life and restoration to health. For the same reason and on the same principle, the law should interfere to protect an insane man from neglect of means to preserve and promote health; and on this ground the proceedings in the case of Harold Frederic appear to be based.

But can the law go further? If a sane man chooses to eschew all physicians, to refuse all means of cure, to deny himself all remedies, and to depend wholly upon means unrecognized by modern science to effect a cure, may the law interfere? If he should determine to live without eating, or in a winter climate without fuel—and it is difficult to see why hunger and cold are not "mortal thoughts" as truly as disease—must the law leave him to starve or freeze to death? If not, is there any more reason why it should allow him to die of disease which science could remedy if he would take the remedies? In short, what are the rights and the duties of the community in protecting an individual from inflicting what the community believes to be needless and perhaps fatal injuries upon himself?

The public will look with great interest to the further development of the proceedings in the case of Harold Frederic, to see what light the court throws on this interesting and difficult question.

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Thanksgiving at Todd's Asylum

By Winthrop Packard

PEOPLE said that if it had not been for that annuity Eph Todd would have been at the poor-farm himself instead of setting up a rival to it; but there *was* the annuity, and that was the beginning of Todd's asylum.

No matter who or what you were, if you were in hard luck Todd's asylum was open to you. The No. 4 district school-house clock was a sample. For thirty years it had smiled from the wall upon successive generations of scholars, until, one day, bowed with years and infirmities, it had ceased to tick. It had been taken gently down, laid out on a desk in state for a day or two, and finally was in funeral procession to the rubbish-heap, when Eph Todd appeared.

"You're not going to throw that good old clock away?" Eph had asked of the committeeman who acted as bearer.

"Guess I ll have to," replied the other; "I've wound it up tight, put 'most a pint of kerosene in it, and shook it till I'm dizzy, and it won't tick a bit. Guess the old clock's done for."

"Now see here," said Eph; "you just let me have a try at it. Let me take it home a spell."

"Oh, for that matter I'll give it to you," the committeeman replied. "We've bought another for the school-house."

A day or two after the old clock ticked away as soberly as ever on the wall of the Todd kitchen.

"Took it home and boiled it in potash," Eph used to say; "and there it is, just as good as it was thirty years ago."

This was true, with restrictions, for enough enamel was gone from the face to make the exact location of the hour an uncertain thing; and there were days, when the wind was in the east, when the hour hand needed periodical assistance.

"It wasn't much of a job," as Eph said, "to reach up once an hour and send the hand along one space, and Aunt Tildy had to have something to look forward to."

Aunt Tildy was the first inmate at Todd's, and if Eph had possessed no other recommendation to eternal beatitude, surely Aunt Tildy's prayers had been sufficient. She passed his house on her way to the poor-farm on the very day that news of the legacy arrived, and Eph had stopped the carriage and begged the overseer to leave her with him.

"Are you sure you can take care of her?" asked the overseer, doubtfully.

"Sure?" echoed Eph, with delight. "Of course I'm sure. Ain't I got four hundred dollars a year for the rest of my natural born days?"

"He's a good fellow, Eph Todd," mused the overseer as he drove away, "but I never heard of his having any money."

Next day the news of the legacy was common property, and Aunt Tildy had been an inmate at Todd's ever since. Her gratitude knew no bounds, and she really managed to keep the house after a fashion, her chief care being the clock.

Then there was the heaven-born inventor. He had dissipated his substance in inventing an incubator that worked with wonderful success till the day the chickens were to come out, when it took fire and burned up, taking with it chickens, barn, house, and furniture, leaving the heaven-born inventor standing in the field, thinly clad, and with nothing left in the world but another incubator.

With this he had shown up promptly at Todd's, and there he had dwelt thenceforth, using a pretty fair portion of the annuity in further incubator experiments.

With excellent sagacity, for him, Eph had obliged the heaven-born inventor to keep his machine in a little shed behind the barn, so that when this one burned up there was time to get the horse and cow out before the barn burned, and the village fire department managed to save the house. Repairing this loss made quite a hole in the annuity, and all the heaven-born inventor had to show for it was Miltiades. He had put a single turkey's egg in with a previous hatch, and though he had raised nary chicken, and it was contrary to all rhyme and reason, the turkey's egg had hatched and the chick had grown up to be Miltiades.

Miltiades was a big gobbler now, and had a right to be named Ishmael, for his hand was against all men. He took care of himself, was never shut up nor handled, and led a wild, nomadic life.

Last of all came Fisherman Jones. He

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was old now and couldn't see very well, unable to go to the brook or pond to fish, but he still started out daily with the fine new rod and reel which the annuity had bought for him, and would sit out in the sun, joint his rod together, and fish in the dry pasture with perfect contentment.

You would not think Fisherman Jones of much use, but it was he who caught Miltiades, and made the Thanksgiving dinner possible.

The new barn had exhausted the revenues completely, and there would be no more income until January 1; but one must have a turkey for Thanksgiving, and there was Miltiades. To catch Miltiades became the household problem, and the heaven-born inventor set wonderful traps for him, which caught almost everything but Miltiades, who easily avoided them. Eph used to go out daily before breakfast and chase Miltiades, but he might as well have chased a government position. The turkey scorned him, and grew only wilder and tougher, till he had a lean and hungry look that would have shamed Cassius.

The day before Thanksgiving it looked as if there would be no turkey dinner at Todd's; but here Fisherman Jones stepped into the breach. It was a beautiful Indian summer day, and he hobbled out into the field for an afternoon's fishing. Here he sat on a log, and began to make casts in the open. Near by, under a savin-bush, lurked Miltiades, and viewed these actions with the scorn of long familiarity. By and by Fisherman Jones kicked up a loose bit of bark, and disclosed beneath it a fine fat white grub, of the sort which blossom into June beetles with the coming of spring. He was not so blind but that he saw this, and, with a chuckle at the thoughts it called up, he baited his hook with it.

A moment after, Eph Todd, coming out of the new barn, heard the click of a reel, and was astonished to see Fisherman Jones standing almost erect, his eyes blazing with the old-time fire, his rod bent, his reel buzzing, while at the end of a good forty feet of line was Miltiades rushing in frantic strides for the woods.

"Good land!" said Eph; "it's the turkey! Snub him," he yelled. "Don't let him get all the line on you. He's hooked. Snub him! snub him!"

The whir of the reel deadened now, and the stride of Miltiades was perceptibly lessened, and then became but a vigorous up-and-down hop, while the tense line sang in the gentle autumn breeze.

"Eph Todd!" gasped Fisherman Jones, "this is the whoppingest old bass I ever hooked onto yet. Beeswax, how he does pull!" and with the words Fisherman Jones went backward over the log, waving the pole and a pair of stiff legs in air. The turkey had suddenly slackened the line.

"Give him the butt! Give him the butt!" roared Eph, rushing up. Even where he lay the fisherman blood in Fisherman Jones responded to this stirring appeal, and as the rod bent in a tense half-circle a race began such as no elderly fisherman was ever the center of before.

Round and round went Miltiades, with the white grub in his crop, and the line above it gripped tightly in his strong beak; and round and round went Eph Todd, his outstretched arms waving like the turkey's wings, and his big boots denting the soft pasture turf with the vigor of his gallop. In the center Fisherman Jones, too near-sighted to see what he had hooked, had risen on one knee, and revolved with the coursing bird, his soul wrapped in one idea—to keep the butt of his rod aimed at the whirling game.

"Hang to him! Reel him in! We'll get him!" shouted Eph; and, with the word, he caught his toe and vanished into the prickly depths of the savin-bush, just as the heaven-born inventor came over the hill. It would be interesting to know just what scheme the heaven-born inventor would have put in motion for the capture of Miltiades, but just then he stepped into one of his own extraordinary traps, set for the turkey of course, and, with one foot held fast, began to flounder about with cries of rage and dismay.

This brought Eph's head above the fringe of savin-bush again, and now he beheld a wonderful sight. Fisherman Jones was again on his feet, staring in wild surprise at Miltiades, whom he sighted for the first time, within ten feet of him. There was no pressure on the reel, and Miltiades was swallowing the line in big gulps, evidently determined to have, not only the white grub, but all that went with it.

Fisherman Jones's cry of dismay was almost as bitter as that of the heaven-born inventor, who still writhed in his own trap.

"Oh, Eph! Eph!" he whimpered, "he's eating up my tackle! He's eating up my tackle!"

"Never mind," shouted Eph; "don't be

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afraid. I reckon he'll stop when he gets to the pole."

Those of us who knew Miltiades at his best have doubts as to this, but, fortunately, it was not put to the test. Eph scrambled out of his bush, and, taking up the chase once more, soon brought it to an end, for Fisherman Jones, his nerve completely gone, could only stand and mumble sadly to himself, "He's eating up my tackle! He's eating up my tackle!" and the line, wrapping about his motionless form, led Eph and the turkey in a brief spiral which ended in the conjunction of the three.

It was not until the turkey was decapitated that Eph remembered the heaven-born inventor and hastened to his rescue. He was still in the trap, but he was quite content, for he was figuring out a plan for an automatic release from the same, something which should hold the captive so long and then let him go in the interests of humanity. He found the trap from the captive's point of view very interesting and instructive.

The tenacity of Miltiades's make-up was further shown by the difficulty Eph and Fisherman Jones had in separating him from his feathers that evening; and Aunt Tildy was so interested in the project of the heaven-born inventor to raise featherless turkeys that she forgot the yeast-cake she had put to soak until it had been boiling merrily for some time. Everything seemed to go wrong-end-to, and they all sat up so late that Mrs. Simpkins, across the way, was led to observe that "Either some one was dead over at Todd's or else they were having a family party;" and in a certain sense she was right both ways.

The crowning misadventure came next morning. Eph started for the village with his mind full of commissions from Aunt Tildy, some of which he was sure to forget, and in a great hurry lest he forget them all. He threw the harness hastily upon Dobbin, hitched him into the wagon which had stood out on the soft ground over night, and, with an eager "Get up, there!" gave him a slap with the reins.

Next moment there was a ripping sound, and the heaven-born inventor came to the door just in time to see the horse going out of the yard on a run, with Eph following, still clinging to the reins, and taking strides much like those of Baron Munchausen's courier.

"Here, here!" called the inventor; "you've forgot the wagon. Come back, Eph! You've forgot the wagon!"

"Jeddediah Jodkins!" said Eph, as he swung an eccentric curve about the gate-post; "do you—whoa!—suppose I'm such a—whoa! whoa!—fool that I don't know I'm not riding—whoa!—in a—whoa! whoa! —wagon?" And with this Eph vanished up street in the wake of the galloping horse, still clinging valiantly to the reins.

"I believe he did forget that wagon," said the heaven born inventor; "he's perfectly capable of it." But when he reached the barn he saw the trouble. The ground had frozen hard over night, and the wagon-wheels, sunken in it, were held as if in a vise. Eph had started the horse suddenly, and the obedient animal had walked right out of the shafts, harness and all.

A half-hour later Eph was back with Dobbin, unharmed but a trifle weary. It took an hour more and all Aunt Tildy's hot water to thaw out the wheels, and when it was done Eph was so confused that he drove to the village and back and forgot every one of his commissions. And in the midst of all this the clock stopped! That settled the matter for Aunt Tildy. She neglected the pudding, she forgot the pies, and she let the turkey bake and bake in the overheated oven while she fretted about that clock; and when it was finally set going, after long and careful investigation by Eph, and frantic but successful attempts on the part of Aunt Tildy to keep the heaven-born inventor from ruining it forever, it was the dinner hour.

Poor Aunt Tildy! That dinner was the crowning sorrow of her life. The vegetables were cooked to rags, the pies were charcoal shells, and the pudding had not been made. As for Miltiades, he was ten times tougher than in life, and Eph's carving-knife slipped from his form without making a dent. Aunt Tildy wept at this, and Fisherman Jones and the inventor looked blank enough, but there was no sorrow in the countenance of Eph. He cheered Aunt Tildy, and he cracked jokes that made even Fisherman Jones laugh.

"Why, bless you!" he said, "ever since I was a boy I've been looking for a chance to make a Thanksgiving dinner out of bread and milk. And now I've got it. Why, I wouldn't have missed this for anything!" And there came a knock at the door.

Even Eph looked a trifle blank at this. If it should be company! "Come in," he called.

The door was pushed aside and a big, steaming platter entered. It was upheld by a small boy, who stammered diffidently, "My

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moth—moth—mother thaid she wanted you to try thum of her ni.h turkey."

"Well, well!" said Eph; "Aunt Tildy has cooked a turkey for us to-day, and she's a main good cook—" Eph did not appear to see the signs the heaven-born inventor was making to him—"but I've heard that your mother does things pretty well, too. We're greatly obliged." And Eph put the steaming platter on the table.

"She thays you c-c-can thend the platter home to-morrow,' stammered the boy, and, stammering himself out, he ran into another. The other held high a big dish of plum pudding, from which a spicy aroma filled the room. Again the heaven-born inventor made signs to Eph.

"Our folks told me to ask if you wouldn't try this plum pudding," said the newcomer. "They made an extra one, and the cousins we expected didn't come, so we can spare it just as well as not."

It seemed as if Eph hesitated a moment, and the inventor's face became a panorama. Then he took the boy by the hand, and there was an odd shake in his voice as he said:

"I'm greatly obliged to you. We all are. Something happened to our plum pudding, and we didn't have any. Tell your ma we send our thanks."

There was a sound of voices greeting in the hallway, and two young girls entered, each laden with a basket.

"Oh, Mr. Todd," they both said at once, "we couldn't wait to knock." "We want you to try some of our Thanksgiving" "It was mother's birthday, and we cooked extra for that, and we've got so much." "We can't get all ours onto the table." "She'll feel real hurt if you don't."

Somehow Eph couldn't say a word, but there was nothing the matter with the heaven-born inventor. His speech of delighted acceptance was such a good one that before he was half done the girls had loaded the table with good things, and, with smiles and nods and "good-bys," slipped out as rapidly and as gayly as they had come in. It was like a gust of wind from a summer garden.

The table, but now so bare, fairly sagged and steamed with offerings of Thanksgiving. Somehow the steam got into Eph's eyes and made them wet, till all he could do was to say whimsically:

"There goes my last chance at a bread-and-milk Thanksgiving."

But now Aunt Tildy had the floor, with her faded face all alight.

"Eph Todd," she said, "you needn't look so flustrated. It's nothing more than you deserve, and not half so much either. Ain't you the kindest man yourself that ever lived? Ain't you always doing something for everybody, and helping every one of these neighbors in all sorts of ways? I'd like to know what the whole place would do without you! And now, just because they remember you on Thanksgiving day, you look like—"

The steam had gotten into Aunt Tildy's eyes now, and she sat down again just as there came another knock at the door—a timid sort of knock this time.

The heaven-born inventor's face widened in beatified smiles of expectation at this, but Eph looked him sternly in the eye.

"Jeddediah Jodkins!" he said; "if that is any more people bringing things to eat to this house, they'll have to go away. We can't have it. We've got enough here now to feed a—a boarding-school."

The heaven-born inventor sprang eagerly to his feet. "Don't you do it, Eph," he said, "don't you do it. I've just thought of a way to can it."

A thinly clad man and woman stood at the door which Eph opened. Both looked pale and tired, and the woman shivered.

"Can you tell me where I can get work," asked the man, doggedly, "so that I can earn a little something to eat? We are not beggars"—he flushed a little through his pallor—"but I have had no work lately, and we have eaten nothing since yesterday. We are looking—"

The man stopped, and well he might, for Eph was dancing wildly about the two and hustling them into the house.

"Come in!" he shouted. "Come in! Come in! You're the folks we are waiting for! Eat? Why, goodness gracious! We've got so much to eat we don't know what to do with it."

He had them in chairs in a moment and was piling steaming roast turkey on their plates. "There!" he said, "don't you say another word till you have filled up on that. Folks," and he turned to the others, "here's two friends that have come to stay a week with us and help eat turkey. Fall to! This is going to be the pleasantest Thanksgiving we've had yet."

And thus two new inmates were added to Todd's asylum.

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The Way of Peace

By Alice Brown

IT was two weeks after her mother's funeral when Lucy Ann Cummings sat down and considered. The web of a lifelong service and devotion still clung about her, but she was bereft of the creature for whom it had been spun. Now she was quite alone, save for her two brothers and the cousins who lived in other townships, and they all had homes of their own. Lucy Ann sat still, and thought about her life. Brother Ezra and Brother John would be good to her. They always had been. Their solicitude redoubled with her need, and they had even insisted on leaving Annabel, John's daughter, to keep her company after the funeral. Lucy Ann thought longingly of the healing which lay in the very loneliness of her little house; but she yielded, with a patient sigh. John and Ezra were men-folks, and doubtless they knew best. A little more than a week had gone when school "took up," rather earlier than had been intended, and Annabel went away in haste, to teach. Then Lucy Ann drew her first long breath. She had resisted many a kindly office from her niece, with the crafty innocence of the gentle who can only parry and never thrust. When Annabel wanted to help in packing away Grandma's things, Aunt Lucy agreed, half-heartedly, and then put off the task from day to day. In reality, Lucy Ann never meant to pack them away at all. She could not imagine her home without them; but that Annabel would not understand, and her aunt pushed aside the moment, reasoning that something is pretty sure to happen if you put things off long enough. And something did; Annabel went away. It was then that Lucy Ann took a brief draught of the cup of peace.

Long before her mother's death, when they both knew how inevitably it was coming, Lucy Ann had, one day, a little shock of surprise. She was standing before the glass, coiling her crisp gray hair, and thinking over and over the words the doctor had used the night before, when he told her how near the end might be. Her delicate face fell into deeper lines. Her mouth dropped a little at the corners; her faded brown eyes were hot with tears, and, stopping to wipe them, she caught sight of herself in the glass.

"Why," she said aloud, "I look just like mother!"

And so she did, save that it was the mother of five years ago, before disease had corroded her, and patience wrought its tracery in her face.

"Well," she continued, smiling a little at the poverty of her state, "I shall be a real comfort to me when mother's gone!"

Now that her moment of solitude had struck, grief came also. It glided in, and sat down by her, to go forth no more, save perhaps under its other guise of a patient hope. She rocked back and forth in her chair, and moaned a little to herself.

"Oh, I never can bear it!" she said, pathetically, under her breath. "I never can bear it in the world."

The tokens of illness were all put away. Her mother's bedroom lay cold in an unsmiling order. The ticking of the clock emphasized the inexorable stillness of the house. Once Lucy Ann thought she heard a little rustle and stir. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, coming from the bedroom, where one movement of the clothes had always been enough to summon her with flying feet. She caught her breath, and held it, to listen. She was ready, undisturbed, for any sign. But a great fly buzzed drowsily on the pane, and the fire crackled with accentuated life. She was quite alone. She put her hand to her heart in that gesture of grief which is so entirely natural when we feel the stab of destiny; and then she went wanly into the sitting-room, looking about her for some pretense of duty to solace her poor mind. There again she caught sight of herself in the glass.

"Oh, my!" breathed Lucy Ann. Low as they were, the words held a fullness of joy.

Her face had been aging through these days of grief; it had grown more and more like her mother's. She felt as if a hand had been stretched out to her, holding a gift, and at that moment something told her how to make the gift enduring. Running over to the little table where her mother's work-

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basket stood, as it had been, undisturbed, she took out a pair of scissors, and went back to the glass. There she let down her thick gray hair, parted it carefully on the sides, and cut off lock after lock about her face. She looked a caricature of her sober self. But she was well used to curling hair like this, drawing its crisp silver into shining rings, and she stood patiently before the glass and coaxed her own locks into just such fashion as had framed the older face. It was done, and Lucy Ann looked at herself with a smile all suffused by love and longing. She was not herself any more; she had gone back a generation, and chosen a warmer niche. She could have kissed her face in the glass, it was so like that other dearer one. She did finger the little curls, with a reminiscent passion, not daring to think of the darkness where the others had been shut; and at that instant she felt very rich. The change suggested a more faithful portraiture, and she went up into the spare room and looked through the closet where her mother's clothes had been hanging so long, untouched. She selected a purple thibet, with a little white sprig, and, slipping off her own dress, stepped into it. She crossed a muslin kerchief on her breast, and pinned it with the cameo her mother had been used to wear. She did not like to look at herself in the doing, but when the deed was over, she went again to the glass and stood there, held by a wonder beyond her will. She had resurrected the creature she loved; this was an enduring portrait, perpetuating, in her own life, another life as well.

"I'll pack away my own clo'es to-morrow," said Lucy Ann to herself. "Them are the ones to be put aside."

She went down stairs, hushed and tremulous, and seated herself again, her thin hands crossed upon her lap; and there she stayed, in a pleasant dream, not of the future, and not even of the past, but face to face with a recognition of wonderful possibilities. She had dreaded her loneliness with the ache that is despair; but she was not lonely any more. She had been allowed to set up a little model of the tabernacle where she had worshiped; and, having that, she ceased to be afraid. To sit there, clothed in such sweet familiarity of line and likeness, had tightened her grasp upon the things that are. She did not seem to herself altogether alive, nor was her mother dead. They had been fused, by some wonderful alchemy; and instead of being worlds apart, they were at one. So, John Cummings, her brother, stepping briskly in, after tying his horse at the gate, came upon her unawares, and started, with a hoarse, thick cry. It was in the dusk of evening; and, seeing her outline against the window, he stepped back against the wall and leaned there a moment, grasping at the casing with one hand. "Good God!" he breathed, at last, "I thought 'twas mother!"

Lucy Ann rose, and went forward to meet him.

"Then it's true," said she. "I'm so pleased. Seems as if I could git along, if I could look a little mite like her."

John stood staring at her, frowning in his bewilderment.

"What have you done to yourself?" he asked. "Put on her clo'es?'

"Yes," said Lucy Ann, "but that ain't all. I guess I do resemble mother, though we ain't any of us had much time to think about it. Well, I *am* pleased. I took out that daguerreotype she had, down Saltash way, though it don't favor her as she was at the end. But if I can take a glimpse of myself in the glass, now and then, maybe I can git along."

They sat down together in the dark, and mused over old memories. John had always understood Lucy Ann better than the rest. When she gave up Simeon Bascom to stay at home with her mother, he never pitied her much; he knew she had chosen the path she loved. The other day, even, some one had wondered that she could have heard the funeral service so unmoved; but he, seeing how her face had seemed to fade and wither at every word, guessed what pain was at her heart. So, though his wife had sent him over to see how Lucy Ann was getting on, he really found out very little, and felt how painfully dumb he must be when he got home. Lucy Ann was pretty well, he thought he might say. She'd got to looking a good deal like mother.

They took their "blindman's holiday," Lucy Ann once in a while putting a stick on the leaping blaze, and, when John questioned her, giving a low-toned reply. Even her voice had changed. It might have come from that bedroom, in one of the pauses between hours of pain, and neither would have been surprised.

"What makes you burn beech?" asked

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John, when a shower of sparks came crackling at them.

"I don't know," she answered. "Seems kind o' nat'ral. Some of it got into the last cord we bought, an' one night it snapped out, an' most burnt up mother's nightgown an' cap while I was warmin' 'em. We had a real time of it. She scolded me, an' then she laughed, an' I laughed—an' so, when I see a stick or two o' beech to-day, I kind o' picked it out a-purpose."

John's horse stamped impatiently from the gate, and John, too, knew it was time to go. His errand was not done, and he balked at it.

"Lucy Ann," said he, with the bluntness of resolve, "what you goin' to do?"

Lucy Ann looked sweetly at him through the dark. She had expected that. She smoothed her mother's dress with one hand, and it gave her courage.

"Do?" said she; "why, I ain't goin' to do nothin'. I've got enough to pull through on."

"Yes, but where you goin' to live?"

"Here."

"Alone?"

"I don't feel so very much alone," said she, smiling to herself. At that moment she did not. All sorts of sweet possibilities had made themselves real. They comforted her like the presence of love.

John was a messenger. He was speaking for others that with which his soul did not accord.

"The fact is," said he, "they're all terrible set against it. They say you're gittin' along in years. So you be. So are we all. But they will have it, it ain't right for you to live on here alone. Mary says she should be scairt to death. She wants you should come an' make it your home with us."

"Yes, I dunno but Mary would be scared," said Lucy Ann, placidly. "But I ain't. She's real good to ask me; but I can't do it, no more'n she could leave you an' the childern an' come over here to stay with me. Why, John, this is my home!"

Her voice sank upon a note of passion. It trembled with memories of dewy mornings and golden eves. She had not grown here, through all her youth and middle life, like the moss upon a rock, without fitting into the hollows and softening the angles of her poor habitation. She had drunk the sunlight and the rains of one small spot, and she knew how both would fall. The place, its sky and clouds and breezes, belonged to her, but she belonged to it as well.

John stood between two wills, his own and that of those who had sent him. Left to himself, he would not have harassed her. To him also, wedded to a hearth where he found warmth and peace, it would have been sweet and comfortable to live there always, though alone, and die by the light of its dying fire. But Mary thought otherwise, and in matters of worldly judgment he could only yield.

"I don't want you should make a mistake," said he. "Maybe you an' I don't look for'ard enough. They say you'll repent it if you stay, an' there'll be a hurrah-boys all round. What say to makin' us a visit? That'll kind o' stave it off, an' then we can see what's best to be done."

Lucy Ann put her hands to her delicate throat, where her mother's gold beads lay lightly, with a significant touch. She, like John, had an innate gentleness of disposition. She trusted her own power to judge.

"Maybe I might," said she, faintly. "Oh, John, do you think I've got to?"

"It needn't be for long," answered John, briefly, though he felt his eyes moist with pity of her. "Maybe you could stay a month?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" cried Lucy Ann, in wild denial. "I never could in the world. If you'll make it a fortnight, an' harness up yourself, an' bring me home, maybe I might."

John gave his word, but when he took his leave of her she leaned forward into the dark, where the impatient horse was fretting, and made her last condition.

"You'll let me turn the key on things here jest as they be? You won't ask me to break up nuthin'?"

"Break up!" repeated John, with the intensity of an oath. "I guess you needn't. If anybody puts that on you, you send 'em to me."

So Lucy Ann packed her mother's dresses into a little hair trunk that had stood in the attic unused for many years, and went away to make her visit. When she drove up to the house, sitting erect and slender in her mother's cashmere shawl and black bonnet, Mary, watching from the window, gave a little cry, as at the risen dead. John had told her about Lucy Ann's transformation, but she put it all aside as a crazy notion, not likely to last; now it seemed less a pathetic

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masquerade than a strange by-path taken by nature itself.

The children regarded it with awe, and half the time called Lucy Ann "Grandma." That delighted her. Whenever they did it, she looked up to say, with her happiest smile,

"There! that's complete. You'll remember Grandma, won't you? We mustn't ever forget her."

Here, in this warm-hearted household, anxious to do her service in a way that was not her own, she had some happiness, of a tremulous kind; but it was all built up of her trust in a speedy escape. She knit mittens, and sewed long seams; and every day her desire to fill the time was irradiated by the certainty that twelve hours more were gone. A few more patient intervals, and she should be at home. Sometimes, as the end of her visit drew nearer, she woke early in the morning with a sensation of irresponsible joy, and wondered, for an instant, what had happened to her. Then it always came back, with an inward flooding that she had scarcely felt even in her placid youth. At home there would be so many things to do, and, above all, such munificent leisure! For there she would feel no need of feverish action to pass the time. The hours would take care of themselves, and fleet by, while she sat, her hands folded, communing with old memories.

The day came, and the end of her probation. She trembled a good deal, packing her trunk in secret, to escape Mary's remonstrances; but John stood by her, and she was allowed to go.

"You'll get sick of it," called Mary after them. "I guess you'll be glad enough to see the children again, an' they will you. Mind, you've got to come back an' spend the winter."

Lucy Ann nodded happily. She could agree to anything sufficiently remote; and the winter was not yet here.

The first day in the old house seemed to her like new birth in Paradise. She wandered about, touching chairs and tables and curtains, the manifest symbols of an undying past. There were loving duties to be done, but she could not do them yet. She had to look her pleasure in the face, and learn its lineaments.

Next morning came Brother Ezra, and Lucy Ann hurried to meet him with an exaggerated welcome. Life was never very friendly to Ezra, and those who belonged to him had to be doubly kind. They could not change his luck, but they might sweeten it. They said the world had not gone well with him; though sometimes it was hinted that Ezra, being out of gear, could not go with the world. All the rivers ran away from him, and went to turn some other mill. He was ungrudging of John's prosperity, but still he looked at it in some disparagement, and shook his head. His cheeks were channeled long before youth was over; his feet were weary with honest serving, and his hands grown hard with toil. Yet he had not arrived, and John was at the goal before him.

"We heard you'd been stayin' with John's folks," said he to Lucy Ann. "Leastways, Abby did, an' she thinks mebbe you've got a little time for us now, though we ain't nothin' to offer compared to what you're used to over there."

"I'll come," said Lucy Ann, promptly. "Yes, I'll come, an' be glad to."

It was a part of her allegiance to the one who had gone.

"Ezra needs bracin'," she heard her mother say, in many a sick-room gossip. "He's got to be flattered up, an' have some grit put into him."

It was many weeks before Lucy Ann came home again. Cousin Rebecca, in Saltash, sent her a cordial letter of invitation for just as long as she felt like staying; and the moneyed cousin at the Ridge wrote in like manner, following her note by a telegram, intimating that she would not take no for an answer. Lucy Ann frowned in alarm when the first letter came, and studied it by daylight and in her musings at night, as if some comfort might lurk between the lines. She was tempted to throw it in the fire, not answered at all. Still, there was a reason for going. This cousin had a broken hip; she needed company, and the flavor of old times. The other had married a "drinkin' man," and might feel hurt at being refused. So, fortifying herself with some inner resolution she never confessed, Lucy Ann set her teeth and started out on a visiting campaign. John was amazed. He drove over to see her while she was spending a few days with an aunt in Sudleigh.

"When you been home last, Lucy Ann?" asked he.

A little flush came into her face, and she winked bravely.

"I ain't been home at all," said she, in a low tone. "Not sence August."

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John groped vainly in mental depths for other experiences likely to illuminate this. He concluded that he had not quite understood Lucy Ann and her feeling about home; but that was neither here nor there.

"Well," he remarked, rising to go, "you're gettin' to be quite a visitor."

"I'm tryin' to learn how," said Lucy Ann, almost gayly. "I've been a-cousinin' so long, I sha'n't know how to do anything else."

But now the middle of November had come, and she was again in her own house. Cousin Titcomb had brought her there and driven away, concerned that he must leave her in a cold kitchen, and only deterred by a looming horse-trade from staying to build a fire. Lucy Ann bade him good-by, with a gratitude which was not for her visit, but all for getting home; and when he uttered that terrifying valedictory known as "coming again," she could meet it cheerfully. She even stood in the door, watching him away; and not until the rattle of his wheels had ceased on the frozen road did she return to her kitchen and stretch her shawled arms pathetically upward.

"I thank my heavenly Father!" said Lucy Ann, with the fervency of a great experience.

She built her fire, and then unpacked her little trunk, and hung up the things in the bedroom where her mother's presence seemed still to cling.

"I'll sleep here now," she said to herself. "I won't go out of this no more."

Then all the little homely duties of the hour cried out upon her, like children long neglected; and, with the luxurious leisure of those who may prolong a pleasant task, she set her house in order. She laid out a programme to occupy her days. The attic should be cleaned to-morrow. In one day? Nay, why not three, to hold Time still, and make him wait her pleasure? Then there were the chambers, and the living-rooms below. She felt all the excited joy of youth; she was tasting anticipation at its best.

"It'll take me a week," said she. "That will be grand." She could hardly wait even for the morrow's sun; and that night she slept like those of whom much is to be required, and who must wake in season. Morning came, and mid-forenoon, and while she stepped about under the roof where dust had gathered and bitter herbs told tales of summers past, John drove into the yard. Lucy Ann threw up the attic window and leaned out.

"You put your horse up, an' I'll be through here in a second," she called. "The barn's open."

John was in a hurry.

"I've got to go over to Sudleigh, to meet the twelve o'clock," said he. "Harold's comin'. I only wanted to say I'll be over after you the night before Thanksgivin'. Mary wants you should be sure to be there to breakfast. You all right? Cephas said you seemed to have a proper good time over there."

John turned skillfully on the little green and drove away. Lucy Ann stayed at the window watching him, the breeze lifting her gray curls, and the sun smiling at her. She withdrew slowly into the attic, and sank down upon the floor close by the window. She sat there and thought, and the wind still struck upon her unheeded. Was she always to be subject to the tyranny of those who had set up their hearthstones in a more enduring form? Was her home not a home merely because there were no men and children in it? She drew her breath sharply, and confronted certain problems of the greater world, not knowing what they were. To Lucy Ann they did not seem problems at all. They were simply touches on the individual nerve, and she felt the pain. Her own inner self throbbed in revolt, but she never guessed that any other part of nature was throbbing with it. Then she went about her work, with the patience of habit. It was well that the attic should be cleaned, though the savor of the task was gone.

Next day she walked to Sudleigh, with a basket on her arm. Often she sent her little errands by the neighbors; but to-day she was uneasy, and it seemed as if the walk might do her good. She wanted some soda and some needles and thread. She tried to think they were very important, though some sense of humor told her grimly that household goods are of slight use to one who goes a-cousining. Her day at John's would be prolonged to seven; nay, why not a month, when the winter itself was not too great a tax for them to lay upon her? In her deserted house soda would lose its strength, and even cloves decay. Lucy Ann felt her will growing very weak within her; indeed, at that time she was hardly conscious of having any will at all.

It was Saturday, and John and Ezra were almost sure to be in town. She thought of that, and how pleasant it would be to hear

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from the folks; so much pleasanter than to be always facing them on their own ground, and never on hers. At the grocery she came upon Ezra, mounted on a wagon-load of meal-bags, and just gathering up the reins.

"Hullo!" he called. "You didn't walk?"

"Oh, I jest clipped it over," returned Lucy Ann, carelessly. "I'm goin' to get a ride home. I see Marden's wagon when I come by the post-office."

"Well, I hadn't any expectation o' your being here," said Ezra. "I meant to ride round to-morrow. We want you to spend Thanksgivin' Day with us. I'll come over arter you."

"Oh, Ezra," said Lucy Ann, quite sincerely, with her concession to his lower fortunes, "why didn't you say so! John's asked me."

"The dogs!" said Ezra. It was his deepest oath. Then he drew a sigh. "Well," he concluded, "that's our luck. We al'ays come out the leetle end o' the horn. Abby'll be real put out. She 'lotted on it. Well, John's inside there. He's buyin' up 'bout everything there is. You'll git more'n you would with us."

He drove gloomily away, and Lucy Ann stepped into the store, musing. She was rather sorry it was not to be Ezra's, if he cared. It almost seemed as if she might ask John to let her take the plainer way. John would understand. She saw him at once where he stood, prosperous and hale, in his great-coat, reading items from a long memorandum, while Jonathan Stevens weighed and measured. The store smelled of spice, and the clerk that minute spilled some cinnamon. Its fragrance struck upon Lucy Ann like a call from some far-off garden, to be entered if she willed. She laid a hand on her brother's arm, and her lips opened to words she had not chosen:

"John, you shouldn't ha' drove away so quick, 'tother day. You jest flung out your invitation an' run. You never give me no time to answer. Ezra's asked me to go there."

"Well, if that ain't smart!" said John. "Put in ahead, did he? Well, I guess it's the fust time he ever got round. I'm terrible sorry, Lucy. The children won't think it's any kind of a Thanksgivin' without you. Somehow they've got it into their heads it's Grandma comin'. They can't seem to understand the difference."

"Well, you tell 'em I guess Grandma's kind o' pleased for me to plan it as I have," said Lucy Ann, almost gayly. Her face wore a strange, excited look. She breathed a little faster. She saw a pleasant way before her, and her feet seemed to be tending toward it without her own volition. "You give my love to 'em. I guess they'll have a proper nice time."

She lingered about the store until John had gone, and then went forward to the counter. The storekeeper looked at her respectfully. Everybody had a great liking for Lucy Ann. She had been a faithful daughter, and now that she seemed, in so mysterious a way, to be growing like her mother, even men of her own age regarded her with an added deference.

"Mr. Stevens," said she, "I didn't bring so much money with me as I might if I'd had my wits about me. Should you jest as soon trust me for some Thanksgivin' things?"

"Certain," replied Jonathan. "Clean out the store, if you want. Your credit's good." He, too, felt the beguilement of the time.

"I want some things," repeated Lucy Ann, with determination. "Some cinnamon an' some mace—there! I'll tell you, while you weigh."

It seemed to her that she was buying the spice islands of the world; and though the money lay at home in her drawer, honestly ready to pay, the recklessness of credit gave her an added joy. The store had its market, also, at Thanksgiving time, and she bargained for a turkey. It could be sent her, the day before, by some of the neighbors. When she left the counter, her arms and her little basket were filled with bundles. Joshua Marden was glad to take them.

"No, I won't ride," said Lucy Ann. "Much obliged to *you*. Jest leave the things inside the fence. I'd ruther walk. I don't git out any too often."

She took her way home along the brown road, stepping lightly and swiftly, and full of busy thoughts. Flocks of birds went whirring by over the yellowed fields. Lucy Ann could have called out to them, in joyous understanding, they looked so free. She, too, seemed to be flying on the wings of a fortunate wind.

All that week she scrubbed and regulated, and took a thousand capable steps as briskly as those who work for the home-coming of those they love. The neighbors dropped in, one after another, to ask where she was going to spend Thanksgiving. Some of them said, "Won't you pass the day with us?" but Lucy Ann replied, blithely:

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"Oh, John's invited me there."

All that week, too, she answered letters, in her cramped and careful hand; for the cousins had bidden her to the feast. Over the letters she had many a troubled pause, for one cousin lived near Ezra, and had to be told that John had invited her; and to three others, dangerously within hail of each, she made her excuse a turncoat, to fit the time. Duplicity in black and white did hurt her a good deal, and she sometimes stopped in the midst of her slow transcription to look up piteously and say aloud:

"I hope I shall be forgiven!" But by the time the stamp was on, and the pencil ruling erased, her heart was light again. If she had sinned, she was finding the path intoxicatingly pleasant.

Through all the days before the festival no house exhaled a sweeter savor than this little house on the green. Lucy Ann did her miniature cooking with great seriousness and care. She seemed to be living in a sacred isolation, yet not altogether alone, but with her mother and all their bygone years. Standing at her table, mixing and tasting, she recalled stories her mother had told her, until, at moments, it seemed as if she had not only lived her own life, but some previous one, through that being whose blood ran with hers. She was realizing that ineffable sense of possession which comes when we find that the enduring part of a personality is ours forever, and that love is an unquenched fire, fed by memory as well as hope.

On Thanksgiving morning Lucy Ann lay in bed a little later, because that had been the family custom. Then she rose to her exquisite house, and got breakfast ready, according to the unswerving programme of the day. Fried chicken and mince pie: she had had them as a child, and now they were scrupulously prepared. After breakfast she sat down in the sunshine, and watched the people go by to service in Tiverton Church. Lucy Ann would have liked going, too; but there would be inconvenient questioning, as there always must be when we meet our kind. She would stay undisturbed in her seclusion, keeping her festival alone. The morning was still young when she put her turkey in the oven and made the vegetables ready. Lucy Ann was not very fond of vegetables, but there had to be just so many—onions, turnips, and squash baked with molasses—for her mother was a Cape woman, preserving the traditions of dear Cape dishes. All that forenoon the little house throbbed with a curious sense of expectancy. Lucy Ann was preparing so many things that it seemed as if somebody must surely come; but when dinner-time struck, and she was still alone, there came no lull in her anticipation. Peace abode with her, and wrought its own fair work. She ate her dinner slowly, with meditation and a thankful heart. She did not need to hear the minister's careful catalogue of mercies received. She was at home; that was enough.

After dinner, when she had done up the work, and left the kitchen without spot or stain, she went upstairs, and took out her mother's beautiful silk poplin, the one saved for great occasions, and only left behind because she had chosen to be buried in her wedding gown. Lucy Ann put it on with careful hands, and then laid about her neck the wrought collar she had selected the day before. She looked at herself in the glass, and arranged a gray curl with anxious scrutiny. No girl adorning for her bridal could have examined every fold and line with a more tender care. She stood there a long, long moment, and approved herself.

"It's a wonder," she said, reverently. "It's the greatest mercy anybody ever had."

The afternoon waned, though not swiftly; for Time does not always gallop when happiness pursues. Lucy Ann could almost hear the gliding of his rhythmic feet. She did the things set aside for festivals, or the days when we have company. She looked over the photograph album, and turned the pages of the Ladies' Wreath. When she opened the case containing that old daguerreotype, she scanned it with a little distasteful smile, and then glanced up at her own image in the glass, nodding her head in thankful peace. She was the enduring portrait. In herself she might even see her mother grow very old. So the hours slipped on into dusk, and she sat there with her dream, knowing, though it was only a dream, how sane it was, and good. When wheels came rattling into the yard, she awoke with a start, and John's voice, calling to her in an inexplicable alarm, did not disturb her. She had had her day. Not all the family fates could take it from her now. John kept calling, even while his wife and children were climbing down, unaided, from the great carry-all. His voice carried its own story, and Lucy Ann heard it with surprise.

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"Lucy! Lucy Ann!" he cried. "You here? You show yourself, if you're all right."

Before they reached the front door Lucy Ann had opened it, and stood there, gently welcoming.

"Yes, here I be," said she. "Come right in, all of ye. Why, if that ain't Ezra, too, an' his folks, turnin' into the lane. When'd you plan it?"

"Plan it! we didn't plan it!" said Mary, testily. She put her hand on Lucy Ann's shoulder, to give her a little shake; but, feeling mother's poplin, she forbore.

Lucy Ann retreated before them into the house, and they all trooped in after her. Ezra's family, too, were crowding in at the doorway; and the brothers, who had paused only to hitch the horses, filled up the way behind. Mary, by a just self-election, was always the one to speak.

"I declare, Lucy!" cried she, "if I ever could be tried with you, I should be now. Here we thought you was at Ezra's, an' Ezra's folks thought you was with us; an' if we hadn't harnessed up, an' drove over there in the afternoon, for a kind of a surprise party, we should ha' gone to bed thinkin' you was somewhere, safe an' sound. An' here you've been, all day long, in this lonesome house!"

"You let me git a light," said Lucy Ann, calmly. "You be takin' off your things, an' se' down." She began lighting the tall astral lamp on the table, and its prisms danced and swung. Lucy Ann's delicate hand did not tremble; and when the flame burned up through the shining chimney, more than one started at seeing how exactly she resembled Grandma in the days when old Mrs. Cummings had ruled her own house. Perhaps it was the royalty of the poplin that enwrapped her, but Lucy Ann looked very capable of holding her own. She was facing them all, one hand resting on the table, and a little smile flickering over her face.

"I s'pose I was a poor miserable creatur' to git out of it that way," said she. "If I'd felt as I do now, I needn't ha' done it. I could ha' spoke up. But then it seemed as if there wa'n't no other way. I jest wanted my Thanksgivin' in my own home, an' so I throwed you off the track the best way I could. I dunno's I lied. I dunno whether I did or not; but I guess, anyway, I shall be forgiven for it."

Ezra spoke first: "Well, if you didn't want to come—"

"Want to come!" broke in John. "Of course she don't want to come! She wants to stay in her own home, an' call her soul her own—don't you, Lucy?"

Lucy Ann glanced at him with her quick, grateful smile.

"I'm goin' to, now," she said, gently, and they knew she meant it.

But, looking about among them, Lucy Ann was conscious of a little hurt unhealed; she had thrown their kindness back.

"I guess I can't tell exactly how it is," she began, hesitatingly; "but, you see, my home's my own, jest as yours is. You couldn't any of you go round cousinin', without feelin' you was tore up by the roots. You've all been real good to me, wantin' me to come, an' I s'pose I should make an awful towse if I never was asked; but now I've got all my visitin' done up, cousins an' all, an' I'm goin' to be to home a spell. An' I do admire to have company," added Lucy Ann, a bright smile breaking over her face. "Mother did, you know, an' I guess I take arter her. Now you lay off your things, an' I'll put the kettle on. I've got more pies 'n you could shake a stick at, an' there's a whole loaf o' fruit-cake, a year old."

Mary, taking off her shawl, wiped her eyes surreptitiously on a corner of it, and Abby whispered to her husband, "Dear creatur'!" John and Ezra turned, by one consent, to put the horses in the barn; and the children, conscious that some mysterious affair had been settled, threw themselves into the occasion with an irresponsible delight. The room became at once vocal with talk and laughter, and Lucy Ann felt, with a swelling heart, what a happy universe it is where so many bridges lie between this world and that unknown state we call the next. But no moment of that evening was half so sweet to her as the one when little John, the youngest child of all, crept up to her and pulled at her poplin skirt, until she bent down to hear.

"Grandma," said he, "when 'd you get well?"

❀

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the later rain! —Whittier, "For an Autumn Festival."

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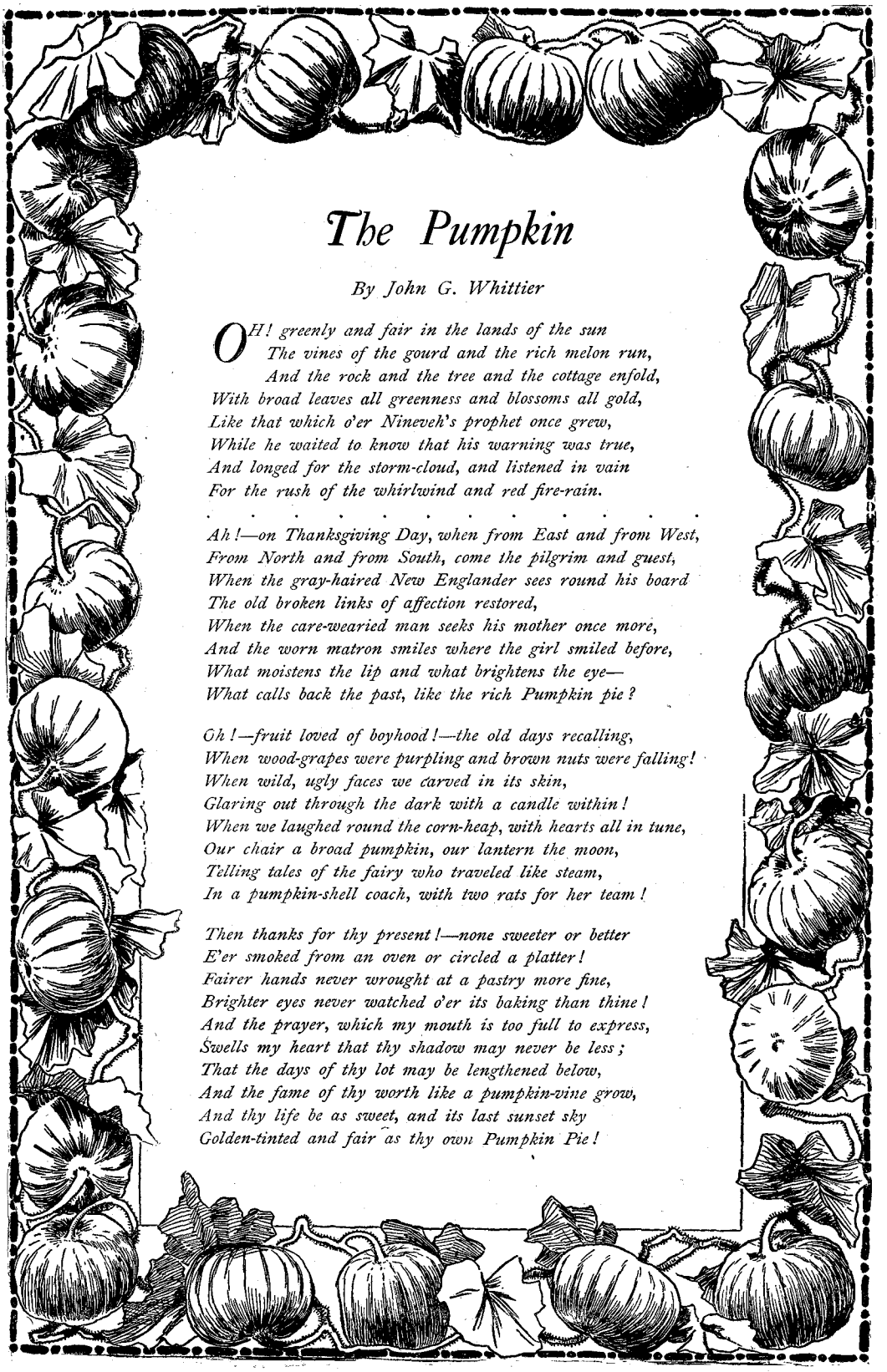

The Pumpkin

By John G. Whittier

O! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

. . . . . .

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye—
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

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A Trooper's Diary

IV.—At Cavite and in Manila

Cavite, Monday, August 22.

THE landing of the Fourth Cavalry at Cavite continues. The soldiers still on the Peru are engaged in packing cargo into a lighter. The Diary says: These boats are a sight—long, slim craft with flat bottoms, and rising prow and stern. There are quarters for the crew forward and aft, *à la* canal-boat. The lighter is covered with an arched wicker roof that can be removed in sections. The boats are as unhandy as they are picturesque, and that is saying much. We tried to get the Malay crew to help us tie the boat up and move it along as we filled her, but though they were nimble as monkeys, climbing about the boat and up the ropes to the Peru, they could not comprehend plain English instructions, though yelled at them in a voice that might be heard a mile. The result of an afternoon's work by our gang of soldier longshoremen was one lighter full. At this rate the Peru will not be unloaded this month. As a reward of merit we had prunes and rice for supper.

Cavite, Tuesday, August 23.

Our last night on the Peru we slept peacefully on deck all night—no shower to wake us. The water was perfectly smooth, and the order was to be ready to go on shore at any time. We stood with bag in hand, so to speak, all morning, though it was not till after dinner that we finally left the ship. One of the aforementioned lighters came alongside, and E and I Troops and their baggage were loaded in. G Troop had disembarked in the morning, so we were the last of the cavalry squadron to go ashore. A gang is detailed to stay aboard ship and do "steward" or "fatigue." One of the Government launches towed us ashore. Our course lay through the fleet of colliers and by three sunken Spanish boats—"Spanish new pattern submarine men-of-war"—as one fellow remarked. Cavite shows a very attractive side to the water. The naval buildings surrounding the sea wall stand along the water front in a long white line, broken here and there by a bit of green. At the point of the peninsula guarding the docking contrivances (they have no dry docks like ours) is a fort mounting a score of fine old bronze cannon. We drew up to the stone embankment by one of the storehouses, and, lest the interest of landing should not be enough, the bamboo roof over the stern of the boat gave way, and the fifteen men who were sitting on it and the thirty men who were underneath it got very much confused the one with the other. No one was hurt, though a good many were convinced that they were killed. It was an interesting sight. You can believe the men were glad to scramble on shore. Here they were at the goal of their thoughts for the last three months. Presently we were lined up and marched off to the quarters of the marines, where troops E and I were put in a big, dirty room perhaps 120x40 feet. Piled up in great heaps were the beds—oblong wooden frames with bamboo mattresses. This frame stands on two iron supports very much like fire-irons. The bed is hard and cool, though a little crowded for two. The fellows wanted to get out and see the place, and it was right hard to clean up and arrange quarters with glimpses of banana and orange venders floating before our eyes. All the six hundred cavalry are quartered in these barracks, and, on the whole, they are well fixed The back of the building is about fifty feet from the sea-wall, so that whatever sea breeze is blowing finds its way into the building. The cook-houses form part of the wall of the arsenal inclosure. They are small and black, and drain into a tile ditch that runs by their doors. In front of the barracks it is charming. The roadway here runs between the barracks and the old moss-covered stone wall of the fortress; toward the town are the splendid bronze gates of the main entrance to the arsenal grounds, flanked on one side by a choice little guard-house, and on the other by a pumping station. Beyond the gates is a large parade-ground, ending in a half-circle of buildings. A great white church, with the belfry like the California missions, stands at the extreme right. The roadway in the direction of the sea leads through an avenue of palms and banana-trees to the square in front of the officers' quarters. On the benches in the square is a grand place to loaf. There is a constant moving panorama—natives going to and

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from the machine-shops; soldiers dragging carts of supplies; tiny ponies scratching along under great strapping officers; Filipino women scuffling along in high-heeled wooden slippers with broad, shallow baskets of bananas on their heads. Altogether the sight is curious and diverting. I feel as if I could doze on indefinitely, but the "mess call" discovered other longings, and I was more than ready for the rations served in our plain but dirty kitchen. We are not allowed outside the gates, so after supper we wandered over the grounds looking at the cannon until it was too dark to see more, and then watched the native laborers gamble, seated in little groups about the flaring candle.

Wednesday, August 24.

There seems to be enough work fixing up quarters here to employ all hands, so we drill not, neither do we loaf. I have been engaged on a tile drain—the one that passes the cook-house doors. The section in front of our kitchen is a trifle out of repair; in fact, it resembles a mud-hole more than a well-built drain. But there are plenty of brick to be had, and the job is not a bad one. As I was coming in with a cart loaded with brick I noticed that two companies were lined up in front of quarters. Thinking it was drill, I was going through the line when an officer shouted to drop the cart and fall in. I made a dive for my bunk and grabbed my belt and carbine, and got out just after E Troop had got outside the gates. I felt, what I had never been conscious of before, a strong desire to get with my troop to share whatever might come with the fellows I knew. When we were lined up on the parade-ground, we could hear several scattering shots, and I can tell you it sent a thrill through us to hear two sharp cracks of the Krag-Jörgensen to every one of the singing Mausers. The shots were few, and not in volleys, and we began to feel as if we had been fooled. When two bodies were carried across the parade-ground on stretchers, we knew it was no practice alarm. Extra boxes of ammunition were brought out, and every man served out with forty rounds, which brought up the number of cartridges in our belts to ninety. We had not waited long before three insurgent officers came across the green and went to the officers' quarters. After they came out we were recalled, and attacked our late supper. The whole affair proved to be a blunder. A squad of insurgents had shot down two drunken battery men who were recklessly discharging their six-shooters on the way home from the town. The insurgents made matters worse by firing without reason at several of our outposts. The feeling to-night is one of great excitement, for there is liable to be friction at any time, as the shooting blood of the natives is up, and they long to pull the trigger—officers or no officers. We sleep with gun and belt beside us, ready to fall in at any time. There is less noise and more thinking than last night.

Manila, Philippine Islands, August 30.

I must tell you where I am writing this from and what my occupation is at present. Last Friday, as I was working in the kitchen in our quarters over at Cavite, I received a written order to proceed to Manila as soon as possible, reporting upon arrival to Brigadier-General H——, at Headquarters, Eighteenth Army Corps. I found General H——, who asked me if I wanted to be detailed as his messenger. I asked him his candid advice on the comparative advantages of going to headquarters or of sticking by my troop. He answered that he should not have asked me unless he thought I would be doing the best thing. I then spoke of the chance of my seeing active service with my troop; to which he replied that he would know of any movement before it was executed and could have me back in the troop on two hours' notice. I told him that I should be very glad to come.

Headquarters Department of the Pacific,
Eighteenth Army Corps, Manila, P. I.,
September 2, '98.

I cannot realize that I am ten thousand odd miles from Chicago, and something like eleven thousand from where I enlisted in "this man's army." It surprises me to see how much at home I have felt right through this experience, in the Presidio, in the hold of the Peru, and now in the Philippines, which always seemed just beyond the jumping-off place. I suppose if I were here alone I should feel truly "insulated," but there being an odd eighteen thousand Americans to keep one company, homesickness is prevented. At present here at headquarters I am royally fixed—far better than a private should be. There would be a question in my mind about taking this "job" if there were active service to be had, but I am lazy enough to gladly exchange garrison duty for "special duty." General H—— is a gentleman of the old school, most considerate to

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others. The few things he asks of me I only wish were more.

This paper is stained, not with patriotic blood (though I believe that right here in Manila some of our men have bled—true heroes), but with patriotic or tropic perspiration. It is well-nigh impossible to keep it off the paper. In an hour or two it will be cooler. The heat seems to agree with me admirably. The only discomforts I mind, and those are not unendurable, are the heat and flies, and mosquitoes of a night-time. They seem successful in preventing an unbroken sleep, and it is something of a surprise to me to find myself fresh in the morning after my shower-bath.

Manila, P. I., September 3.

The exchange here is $2.05 Spanish for $1 American, so we can double the quantity of our pay at any time. I have bought a broad-brimmed pith hat, a white suit and white shoes, all for the sum of five dollars and fifty cents Spanish. I need here in the office rather different clothes from those suitable for regular drill work. Wednesday I took the General's belongings—boxes, bags, etc.—from the Hotel Oriente out to the Governor's palace at Malacanygn. It took me all the afternoon, as the buffalo-cart the commissary was to send did not show up, and I had finally to hire two cabs and dicker with the heathen for the trip. It was good fun, and I managed to get them to the General about five-thirty o'clock, just as he was needing them. I have had several errands around town to do, but next to no office work. What little I have had to do has been locating places on the map, transposing Spanish measures into English, and looking up information of one kind and another in Spanish year-books. You can think that I would enjoy this.

Manila, P. I., September 8.

The General has gone to the City Government Building as Provost Marshal-General, and has not yet taken me from here. The first day I moved the office up to the second floor. Here we have two grand rooms—one large and the other rather smaller; the latter is my private property. The ceiling must be quite twenty feet high, and the windows and doors match. At night I find we get all the breeze there is, and no more than our share of the mosquitoes. The General said, this morning, that he had more work than he could see his way through, and that he should want me to come down to his present headquarters in a day or two, but that, in any case, he would keep the office here in the palace for a sleeping-place for me. He also remarked that he was looking for a saddle-horse, and "when I get it I shall probably want you to exercise it more or less." He is so kind to me that I hardly feel as if it were the part of a soldier to be his messenger, but still I am glad to be. I shall be well satisfied to be connected with this municipal administration, as the governing problem is more pressing here now than the military, and I rather think that the General will have to take the brunt of the former in his position. He has three regiments—the Twenty-third Infantry, the Thirteenth Minnesota, and the Second Oregon Volunteer Infantry—as his police force. In addition to the police work, he is responsible for the water, electric light, fire, street-cleaning, and penitentiary departments of the city. I had a little share in the street-cleaning question the other day. It was before the General was formally appointed. He wanted to know about how many carts and men the Government had, and where these carts were. I brought the subject up when I was talking with my Spanish friend at his house. I found that a gentleman in the same house had been in the city government, and I learned from him the system of their street-cleaning. It is done by contract, the government furnishing transportation. I was able to make a somewhat full report the next morning to the General—the information being what he wanted, and what he had not been able to get hold of. I had been able to get the name and address of the contractor. I heard him to-day, in talking with a Major who has been put in charge of street-cleaning, use the material I was so lucky as to chance upon. The Spaniards are very nasty in trying to block the administration in a thousand little ways, and they are the hardest people to get information out of, if you go at it directly. There would be good use here for a secret service of five or six efficient men. The General is persuaded that there are large amounts of Government property stored away in churches and private houses in the city which should be searched out and claimed by the United States. One instance of the way they waft away the stuff: when the officers went to take charge of the Spanish public treasury, the grand Archbishop comes along and says it is his—has been loaned to him, and, therefore, being church property, it is "hands off" for the Americans.

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The way the matter was settled I know not. Under the circumstances I should have been tempted to give the Archbishop just about thirty seconds to give up his money, *à la* good old Western style.

I must tell you a story I heard of the times here before the battle, when the Germans were threatening trouble. You very likely have heard it, but it is so good, and also reported as authentic, that I will run the chance of repeating. The German admiral, it seems, went to the British admiral and asked him what course he would take in case the Germans should take part with the Spaniards at the storming of the city—in short, if the German men-of-war should attack the American fleet. The English admiral replied, with perfect graciousness: "Only Admiral Dewey and myself know what I should do under those circumstances." It was enough to silence the German.

Manila, P. I., September 16.

Yesterday was a genuine dog-day—rain and heat—we need no more of just that kind. The life over at Cavite is much harder than the soldiering here. The interest and life of the city keep a good many men from going into the hospital here; besides, our water supply is far superior to that of Cavite, which has been supplied with water carried in lighters across the bay from here. We expect a mail from the States via Hong-Kong the middle of next week, and letters and papers from "God's country" are very eagerly looked for. The Spanish papers here are still giving daily news of the battle before Santiago, so you see they are not prophets, at any rate. One of the sheets is a trifle abusive of the Americans, and I think the censor will have a job one of these days.

There is considerable disquiet among the Filipinos at present. A day or two since a note was sent out to the insurgent chiefs, in the nature of an ultimatum, I fancy, and since then there have been signs of considerable activity and more or less hostility to the Americans. There has been friction between the outposts of the two armies—how much I do not know. It is thought by many that a clash is coming this week. In any case our force is on the lookout. The Fourth Cavalry was transferred over here last Saturday, and stationed somewhere in the suburbs of the city. Yesterday I was looking for them, and found myself in rather a peculiar position. It was to the north of the New City, and I was wandering out toward their supposed location. I got beyond the first picket-line, perhaps a half-mile, and struck a big crowd of natives from the city who were watching some kind of a procession that, as it neared, proved to be two or three hundred of Aguinaldo's army parading under arms. My feelings were somewhat mixed as I discovered myself in such a surprising minority. I was in among an odd two thousand Malays, but the white-shirted rascals crowded about me, and, grinning, said, "Americana—Filipino—amigo," and laid their two forefingers side by side in token of our fast friendship. I thought it wise to agree with them. The marching soldiers were a sight. The only uniform thing about them was their guns—forty-five caliber Remingtons. For the rest they wore all manner of hats, from old yellow pith helmets to broad-brimmed straw and ragged felt hats. Their coats and shirts and trousers were as different as could be. They were alike again in their spreading, bare black feet. The noise they made as they stamped the ground marking time was quite like a booted regiment. They were, withal, a very serious-looking crowd—mostly all boys, marching to the monotonous squeak of a half-breed fife. They paraded in column of fours up and down the road three times, and then went out again to the bush where they came from. I got back to our lines in time to hear the officer of the day berating the sergeant of the guard for allowing the drill to take place. "Why, you'll be letting these armed heathen drill in the streets of Manila"—this delivered with every evidence of genuine emotion. I was glad I had been out at the exhibition, though I should not have deemed it wise to go had I known its character beforehand.

The change to Manila is a good one, as here water and variety are as abundant as they are scarce in Cavite.

Yesterday I took out some of my Spanish study in reading a little Spanish pamphlet purporting to give historical testimony to the admirable cures effected by "Aqua de San Ignacio de Loyola." It seems that in a number of European countries water blessed by relics of the saint in question has produced very surprising results on the ladies and gentlemen who have imbibed thereof or laved their persons therewith. The pamphlet was interesting, and the Spanish difficult enough to make its translation something of a task. I will bring the opusculo home with me.

HUNTINGTON.

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Books and Authors

The Problem of the Far East[1]

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun's book, "China in Transformation," is the most interesting discussion of political and trade questions in the Far East which has appeared in recent years. As might be expected from the urgency which prompted Mr. Colquhoun to write, the discussion is chiefly concerned with Great Britain's political position and commerce in China, and with Russian rivalry as the possible destroyer of both. The author's outlook is somewhat pessimistic, though his temper, which combines the resolute with the desponding, is by no means ready to give up the British cause as lost.

The book contains many facts which reveal China's half-conscious attempt to be freed from the bonds of immemorial conservatism, and which suggest the agitation of enforced contact with the current of Western life. The China of to-day feels the effect of certain changes initiated by the opening of treaty ports, though apart from this there has always been a democratic freedom in certain lines of activity which operates at the present time in harmony with external aids, and which may gain strength in the near future. The native press, for example, has become a more active agent of political reform, and its merciless exposure of official abuses has done much good. The criticism of mandarins of high rank, which is often encouraged and enjoyed at Pekin, compels justice in administration and creates a stronger feeling of responsibility to the people—no idle phrase in a country where the masses, in spite of the patriarchal rule of the Son of Heaven, have exercised the right of revolution with great frequency and with the utmost fearlessness.

Another element of change is the peculiar character of Chinese democracy, which, as far as it goes, may claim as unfettered a system of local self-government as any nation in the world. The political sphere of these local institutions is comparatively small but strongly vitalized, and the apparently unlimited power of the people to form themselves into voluntary and secret societies allows a play of initiative which does much to break through the deadening crust of custom. Even the all-pervading rigor and sanctity of the ancestral cult, the strongest force in Chinese civilization, seems not to antagonize the intense social and political activity which, though it does not yet rise above village groups and voluntary societies, has made good its leverage for a more free development when the right sort of Western ideas shall assist. Such, roughly speaking, are some of the changes which are advancing to meet conditions to be imposed by the Powers of Europe. It is clearly recognized by the author, however, that China's contact with those Powers will be merged into control by them, or, more specifically, by one of the two Powers whose interests in China outweigh all others.

The questions whose stress burdens Mr. Colquhoun's argument are, Whose contact shall be the more effective, and whose shall be the ultimate control? Shall it be the autocratic system of Russia? or shall it be the democratic system of Great Britain, ruling by beneficent tutelage which shall develop into enlightened co-operation, and maintaining equal commercial rights for all? These are the two great Powers which must now join issue and fight it out, either by diplomacy, the pressure of commercial war or the force of arms. Mr. Colquhoun recognizes the elements of Russia's strength in her territorial contiguity and inevitable advance from the north towards the east and the south, irresistibly impelled by the longing for a warmer sun and the open sea. He sees the greater resemblance of Russian to Chinese institutions, and the superior power of adaptation which has given Russia an advantage in dealing with Chinese character. He seems to look upon Russian mastery of Manchuria and northern China as assured; but in the extensive and immensely rich region of the Yang-tse Valley he finds an ample compensation for any advantage that Russia can secure elsewhere, and considers that region as defensible against Russia and her ally, France. He says: "It is a question of vital importance—a matter of life and death—for England to maintain and consolidate herself absolutely in the Yang-tse basin, which cannot possibly be done except by an effective occupation of the Upper Yang-tse, and by

[1] *China in Transformation*. By Alfred R. Colquhoun. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

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developing in every possible way our communications along that waterway, and by the West River from Hong-Kong, and by railway connection between Upper Burma, and through that province between India and China." These lines of defense have the prior claim of urgency, but they do not provide against other dangers which arise from the Russian line of advance.

In considering the means of strengthening his country's power in the Far East, Mr. Colquhoun, whose experience as a traveler and administrator has been unusually extensive, surveys the whole area of British political activity, thereby to condemn more pointedly the expenditure of force in regions relatively unproductive. In belittling the exploitation of Central Africa, while the rich and populous provinces of China are left to the losing game of British diplomacy, he has perhaps undervalued a progress whose importance and far-reaching complications he has not accurately weighed; and it is only fair to say that, since his book was written, certain events in China, such as the acquisition of Wei-Hai-Wei and the territory on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong, as well as the commercial concessions to Great Britain, might brighten a little the somber tints of his picture, though they could not obscure the outlines so faithfully drawn for England's warning. He holds that Russia's advance is partly due to British neglect. England had the prestige at Peking and the good will of the Chinese dynasty, but these have been practically lost by inattention to the schemes of Russian approach, by lack of firmness in asserting treaty rights, and by culpable ignorance in dealing with Chinese character. Mr. Colquhoun firmly maintains that Russia's approach from the north is a menace to India as well as China, and that a preparation to meet it effectively involves a strengthening of British power in Afghanistan, Thibet, and on the northeastern frontier of India. Whether Russia desires the control of India or not, she must desire the vantage-ground which a power of menace to India would give her in opposing British claims in China.

Naturally, Mr. Colquhoun cannot ignore the advent of the United States as a probable factor in the settlement of China's destiny. He says: "The United States are deeply concerned in the Chinese question, both from the industrial and the political point of view. Already compelled by the force of circumstances to embark on a foreign policy and to look increasingly to foreign markets, they cannot but feel that the question is of vital importance to themselves. And it is evident that the Pacific slope, though at present playing but a small part, is more closely concerned in the ultimate development of China than any other section of the United States. These Pacific States are possessed of enormous natural resources; their manufactures, while still of minor importance, have quadrupled in twenty years, and will, in course of time, find the most advantageous market in the Far East. And when the Nicaragua Canal is made, the Atlantic States also will be brought into close connection with the Far East." He supplements this general statement by proofs of the phenomenal increase in our export trade to China, and, by implication at least, points to the timeliness of American support to British policy in that country. It is, however, more in accord with American feeling to say that the United States will exercise, at least for the present, an independent oversight in regard to its political and commercial rights in China; but if the protection of those interests is best secured by co-operation with Great Britain, the United States is free to choose that alternative; and, indeed, there are certain aspects of the situation which suggest it. Most of the Powers interested in China are not acting separately, but are, by their commercial and political affinities especially, in opposition to Great Britain. If we adopt the policy of the open door, it may be admitted that some degree of commercial co-operation with Great Britain is thereby necessitated.

In an important sense, therefore, Mr. Colquhoun's book should have a strong practical interest for the American people. It accurately describes the conditions and the outlook in the greatest market of the East, makes known the richest areas and recommends changes in commercial management which, though intended for the benefit of British trade, are of significant value to merchants and manufacturers of kindred race. But far more important than the development of commerce is the great issue—ominous of dire results if Russian ambition is unchecked—whether a crushing autocracy shall, by military conquest and political intrigue, use the three hundred and fifty million inhabitants of China as an instrument to bind Asia to itself and to threaten the world. The domi-

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nant thought and purpose of this book is to make that issue clear.

Books of the Week

[Most of the books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending November 4. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

All who have read Professor Dean C. Worcester's recent article in the "Century" on the Philippines know that he is eminently qualified by special knowledge and judicial temperament to write the much-needed book on *The Philippine Islands and Their People*. The work now published under that title has long been in preparation, and is ready at the exact time when it is most needed. Professor Worcester accompanied Dr. J. B. Steere in a thorough exploration of the Philippines in 1887–88 undertaken chiefly for scientific purposes. We suppose that no other Americans have seen as much of the islands as did the members of this party, and Professor Worcester's record of experience and observation is the only authoritative, recently written, first-hand account of actual conditions. The importance of the work calls for an extended review, and such a review will be printed in The Outlook at an early day. We may quote here, however, Professor Worcester's general conclusion, that, "with all their amiable qualities, it is not to be denied that at present the civilized natives are utterly unfit for self-government. Their universal lack of education is in itself a difficulty that cannot be speedily overcome, and there is much truth in the statement of a priest who said of them that 'in many things they are big children who must be treated like little ones.'" (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Miriam Coles Harris contributes an admirable book of travels to the autumn publication in *A Corner of Spain*, a title the pleasant promises of which are kept by the text. The book contains twenty short chapters, and carries the reader, by easy and comfortable stages, with agreeable descriptive skill from Gibraltar through the Malaga Mountains to Seville. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Henry Jones Ford's book, *The Rise and Growth of American Politics*, corrects some pessimistic views that have been taken of the working of democratic institutions. As a sketch of constitutional development it is a valuable text-book for every thoughtful citizen. It is a concise account of the development of American democracy. In its exhibition of the causes which have effected this it is a lucid philosophy of popular government as thus far realized in the Nation, showing how the theories of the fathers, as embodied in the Constitution, have been transformed in the political conceptions and practices of their descendants. Our political institutions being at once an outgrowth and a variation of those of our mother country, their relation to their British models, as here shown, reveals both the innovating and the conservative tendencies at work. Though the parliamentary government which flourishes in Great Britain has been attenuated to a shadowy form in our National Legislature, the Presidential office has become as truly representative of the people as the tribunate of ancient Rome. Mr. Ford thinks that it indicates "the highest degree of constitutional morality yet attained by any race" that, with such defective apparatus, the American people have been "able to make good a principle which no other people have been able to reconcile with the safety of the State —the oldest political institution of the race, the elective kingship." Severely criticising the degeneracy he finds in Congress, Mr. Ford is, on the whole, optimistic "Every advance which America achieves in the art of government is firmly based upon democratic foundations," and in the adjustment of growing civilization to democratic conditions "may yet produce an epoch of incomparable grandeur." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The turning of the tide from despair to hope in the darkest period of our war for independence by the brilliant counterstroke which Washington dealt upon a victorious enemy is a classic theme, and has never been so worthily treated as in Adjutant-General William S. Stryker's work, *The Battles of Trenton and Princeton*. A large amount of new material is embodied in it, including whatever the official records at Cassel and the State archives at Marburg, Germany, contain relative to the Hessian soldiers in New Jersey. Such is the fullness with which the history of the wonderful winter campaign of 1776–77 in New Jersey is here related that General Stryker's work can hardly be improved upon in future. It is enriched

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with copious illustrations, besides maps and plans, official reports, letters foreign and domestic, etc., and entitles the author to the gratitude of his countrymen. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The utility of *A General History of the World*, in a volume of over seven hundred pages, except as a general reference-book, may be open to question. The benefit of historical study to the young learner requires an intensive more than an extensive treatment of the subject. Still, the work of M. Victor Duruy, under the above title, which Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst, has translated from the French, is of great merit. The last quarter of the volume, devoted to contemporary history, is Professor Grosvenor's own supplement to M. Duruy's work, which ends at the year 1848. Some disproportion results hence, four and a half pages being given to our war with Spain, while but half a page is given by M. Duruy to our colonial period of a century and a half. M. Duruy is not at his best in matters pertaining to religion, which he evidently regards (p. 162) as hardly rational, while his account of Calvin comes near being a caricature. Some slips, as the date of July 14 for the Declaration of Independence, require revision. The volume is furnished with twenty-seven maps and is well indexed. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The Psychology of Peoples: Its Influence on Their Evolution, by Gustave Le Bon, is interesting in its way, especially when one learns from it that its author has been "crowned" in France for a monograph in anthropology. It is rather curious that an American proof reader should allow our civil war to be twice referred to as the "War of Succession," but not more curious than the author's account of things in this country, where, as good New York Democrats will be surprised to learn, "the Irishman and the negro vegetate in the most humble situations," while only the Anglo-Saxon can live, and where "civil war is preparing between the America of the Americans and the America of the foreigners." We do well to insist with Dr. Le Bon that character and morality have more to do with national destiny than institutions, but Dr. Le Bon would do well to revise his definition of morality as "hereditary respect for the rules on which the existence of a society is based"—a sort of morality in which the most degraded savage tribes are unsurpassed. His theory that the mental characteristics, or "soul," of a race are as fixed as its anatomical structure, and that this "unchangeable soul of a race weaves its own destiny," is one of the glittering generalizations that France delights to export, but of small serviceableness in explaining the phenomena of the rise and fall of nations—*e. g.*, the Rome of Catiline as contrasted with the Rome of Cincinnatus. Nor are we told how all these race-souls became thus fixed unchangeably. But we are told that in England "as regards the foreigner every rule of morality ceases to hold good." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

NOVELS AND TALES

Sir Walter Besant's *The Changeling* has more vigor than the two or three novels from his pen that have recently preceded it. Of late one has wished that Sir Walter would write less rapidly, cease to spread out his story too thinly, and give us another "Chaplain of the Fleet" or "Children of Gibeon." The present story, if it has not the power of the author's very best work, has at least extremely pleasant and readable qualities. Incidentally it contains a curious study of heredity, and its characters are varied and admirably contrasted. The spirit of the book, too, is wholesome, and has that broad love of humanity which made the "People's Palace" a reality. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

John Jasper's Secret, the sequel to Dickens's "Edwin Drood" written by Charles Dickens the Younger and Wilkie Collins, is as satisfactory as any attempt to supplement the work of an author of genius by others can be, and the collaborators had the advantage of possessing what few hints Dickens left behind for the ending of his sensational and mysterious plot. In the opinion of many critics Dickens was at his worst when he tried to mystify his readers. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

Struan, by Julia Magruder, is a rather quietly written novel of love, marriage, disillusion, and sacrifice. The dialogue might be condensed to great advantage. (R. G. Badger & Co., New York.)

Miss Mary Tracy Earle's short stories are marked by a delicate literary sensitiveness, by true imaginative quality, and by strong human sympathy. Some of them have also humor in a marked degree. *The Man Who Worked for Collister* gives the title to a collection of her tales which have appeared in magazines—two or three of them our readers will recall as having first appeared in The Outlook.

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We do not admire the ultra-impressionist cover design of the book. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

Cy Warman, in *Frontier Stories*, gives us many brief, sharp-cut, vigorous sketches of mining life, Indian fighting, cowboy adventure, and other far Western phases now rapidly disappearing. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

RELIGION

Life in Christ, a Spiritual Essay, by J. S. Davenport, is a brief argument for the "Catholic" as distinct from the "evangelical" view of Baptism; in which, as the writer holds, that which was lost in Adam's fall is imparted to the recipient in a higher form, viz., the spiritual life of the risen Christ, conveyed in the sacrament by the Holy Ghost. (T. Whittaker, New York.)

Mrs. Jameson's work on "Sacred and Legendary Art," broken off by her death in 1860, has been taken up and carried to completion in *The Life of Our Lord in Art*, by Estelle M. Hurll, the editor of Mrs. Jameson's work. The author's primary object is to present a historical series of pictures properly illustrative of the Scripture text in its chronological order, and to represent therein the greatest names in the history of art, both ancient and modern. The main facts in the life of Jesus are represented in full-page plates, the minor incidents by drawings inserted in the text—a total of one hundred and four illustrations. Of course a far larger number of pictures are described, with more or less of criticism thereon. The author has included in her work also some account of the artistic treatment of the life of St. John the Baptist, but the history of Christ-portraiture, as well as whatever is of a symbolical or allegorical character, lies outside her prescribed limits. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The "Catholic," in distinction from the "Protestant," ideals of the Anglican Church are set forth in a course of lectures at St. Paul's in London to "Our Society" and other clergy, during Lent, 1898, published under the title *Priestly Ideals*, by Canon Newbolt. Here is the mystic devoutness of the Tractarian school, and here is what we cannot but regard as its mischievous double standard of ethics, holding that "many things which are quite permissible to a layman are often undesirable—nay, more, unbecoming—in a Priest." (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The most neglected, because the least intelligible, part of the Bible is the section of the Old Testament occupied by the Prophets. The reproach of neglect is removable only by turning on the light. Professors Sanders, of Yale, and Kent, of Brown, have done this in a way at once novel and helpful in their little book, *The Messages of the Earlier Prophets, i.e.*, the pre-exilian prophets. The requirements of historical interest are here met by a rearrangement of the prophetical writings in due chronological order, and the needs of the ordinary reader are supplied by paraphrasing them in modern language. This is so necessary in Old Testament prophecy that few except Hebrew scholars can dispense with the help of paraphrase to intelligent reading. We therefore deem the work of Professors Sanders and Kent one of the most important among those recently undertaken for the popularizing of Biblical study. Especially is this so to one who views the writings of the prophets as being the real core of the Old Testament, as they themselves were the fathers of the Jewish Church. (J. D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.)

The present vastly increased interest in the affairs of China renders the publication of *Dawn on the Hills of T'ang*, by Harlan P. Beach, especially timely. "The Hills of T'ang" was once the popular name for entire China. Mr. Beach, well known as the Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, has prepared this little book especially for study in classes. It gives all the main points of information briefly, and adds a complete bibliography for further reading. Furnished with a good map, and well indexed, it is a very handy reference manual. (The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York.)

Questions and Answers about the Bible, by the Rev. Albert Wellman Hitchcock, is a handbook designed for schools and classes and for private reading. It is a book of outlines, and is distinguished by its comprehensiveness. For the details, and the following up of the mere hints and points which its condensed treatment permits to be given, each chapter is furnished with an adequate bibliography. (T. Whittaker, New York.)

Eminent Missionary Women, by Mrs. J. T. Gracey, is a collection of brief sketches of women identified with missionary work. The author states that the purpose of the book is to give the facts of the life-work of "those who have been leaders and creators of missionary sentiment at home." The book

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is a valuable contribution to missionary literature. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Mr. Herbert E. Hamblen always writes in a free and easy, unconventional way that captures the reader's attention. He is a born story-teller, and all his stories have life and go. The hero of *Tom Benton's Luck* is to the critical mind at times a little too marvelously clever and at others astonishingly innocent, and his adventures rain upon him a little too thick and fast; but boys are not hypercritical in such points. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

James Otis has written another boys' story, with three newsboys and a country boy as heroes, entitled *Joel Harwood*. The sturdy country boy, sturdy in health and character, changes the life-history of his city friends. There is the usual background of city haunts. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The Little Colonial Dame, by Agnes Carr Sage (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), is a charming story of the children of New Amsterdam written for the children of the nineteenth-century New York. The illustrations by Mabel Humphrey are historically true and artistic.

There has been added to the Historical Tales by E. Everett-Green (T. Nelson & Sons, New York), *French and English*, a story of the French and Indian war. The story is told vividly; all the horrors of Indian warfare are depicted without reserve. There is a tale of lovers to lighten the sufferings of war in the closing chapters.

Messrs. De Wolffe, Fiske & Co., of Boston, publish five illustrated books for little children. *Gerald and Geraldine*, by Miss A. G. Plimpton, is a collection of short stories. They are kindly, brave children who live between the covers of this book. *Old Sultan's Thanksgiving*, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, is also a collection of short stories, the first of which gives the title to the book and is the best story in it. Sophie May, the name of the author on the title-page of *Santa Claus on Snow-Shoes*, is in itself evidence that the half-dozen stories making the book are healthy stories of little children for little children. Penn Shirley is the author of *Boys in Clover*, the story of two manly boys and a baby girl who is found near a cañon, and becomes their adopted sister. *Child's Story of the Bible*, by Mary A. Lathbury, with an introduction by Bishop Vincent, is intended for mothers to read to their children. There are many mothers who wish to read the Bible to their children who need just this book because they have no power of selection. Miss Lathbury has this power, and has chosen these Bible stories well.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mr. Frederic Remington's *Frontier Sketches* include many of his admirably spirited and faithful drawings of Indians, soldiers, and frontiersmen collected in an oblong volume well adapted for gift purposes. These drawings, apart from their excellent technique and individual artistic merit, have distinct historic value. (The Werner Company, New York.)

In Nature's Image, by W. I. Lincoln Adams, will delight as well as instruct amateur photographers who have any art instinct. Figure-composition, portraiture, and genre art in photography are the principal subjects discussed and beautifully illustrated by many examples. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York.)

Mrs. Lucy L. W. Maynard has led the way in the local study of birds. Her *Birds of Washington and Vicinity: Where to Find Them and How to Know Them, Including Adjacent Parts of Maryland and Virginia*, is a small book, prepared at the suggestion of the Audubon Society of the District of Columbia for the purpose of stimulating the observation and study of familiar birds. The book is written in an untechnical style, is furnished with illustrations, and can hardly fail to be a useful handbook in its own locality. Other books of a similar character ought to follow in its train. (Lord Baltimore Press, Baltimore.)

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York) have given the Rev. Henry van Dyke's commencement address, *Ships and Havens*, a charming setting of black and red type in the old style, with artistic page-headings and stamped cover; while Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) have published his latest Christmas story, *The Lost Word*, in a beautiful small quarto, with decorated borders, and a number of full-page illustrations. Readers of The Outlook know the quality of these stories, notable both for their spiritual insight and the dramatic skill with which they are told.

A new edition of the ever-delightful *Ingoldsby Legends*, illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham, bears the imprint of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. (London), and is offered in this country by the Macmillan Company. The

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substantial volume, although large, is not too heavy for comfortable reading. The illustrations, which are both in black and white and in colors, are full of the extravagance and humor of these now classical tales.

The chafing-dish has become a recognized necessity in every well-equipped kitchen, and has a cook-book set apart to its use. *What One Can Do with a Chafing-Dish*, by H. L. S. (G. P. Putnam s Sons, New York), is not a new book, but a new edition of a very useful book that appeared three years ago.

Mr. E. W. Kemble constantly amuses by his drawings of negroes and animals. The simple folio volume called *Comical Coons* contains a selection of some of his most amusing pictures. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York) have added to the Faïence Library (a series of daintily made books) Longfellow's *The Song of Hiawatha*, with an introduction by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and with notes and appendix.

Books Received

For Week ending November 11

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Hornbrook, A. R. A Primary Arithmetic.
Park, J. G. Language Lessons.
Bailey, M. A. American Elementary Arithmetic. 65 cts.
Payne, Frank Owen. Geographical Nature Studies. 25 cts.
Sullivan, Christine Gordon. Elements of Perspective.
Ripley, Frederic H., and Thomas Tapper. A Short Course in Music. Book II.
Barnes's National Vertical Penmanship. Price per dozen, 75 cts.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO

Drummond, Henry, Addresses of.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK

Lowry, Robert, and Ira D. Sankey. Royal Hymnal.
Saunders, Sidney A., and Hubert P. Main. In Santa Claus' Land. 30 cts.

THE BURROWS BROTHERS CO., CLEVELAND

Banks, Louis Albert, Rev. Immortal Songs of Camp and Field. $3.

THE CHURCH PRESS, CHICAGO

Woolley, John G. The Sower. 50 cts.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Fraser, C. F., Mrs. Master Sunshine. 50 cts.
Miller, J. R., D.D. By the Still Waters. 60 cts.

DAMRELL & UPHAM, BOSTON

Dalton, Edith Leverett. More Rhymes.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Finley, Martha. Elsie on the Hudson. $1.25.
Maclaren, Ian. Afterwards. $1.50.
Atherton, Gertrude. The Valiant Runaways. $1.25.
Watts-Dunton, Theodore. Aylwin. $1.50.
Alice in Wonderland. Compiled by Emily Prime Delafield. $1.25.
Ford, Paul Leicester. Tattle-Tales of Cupid. $1.25.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. Wisdom and Destiny. Translated by Alfred Sutro. $1.75.
Franclæ, Kuno. Glimpses of Modern German Culture. $1.25.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK

A Gunner Aboard the "Yankee." Edited by H. H. Lewis, with Introduction by W. T. Sampson, Rear-Admiral U.S.N. $1.50.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. South America. $2.

DANA, ESTES & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Barrie, J. M. Jess. 50 cts.
Badger, Jr., Joseph E. The Lost City. $1.50.
Costello, F. H. Under the Rattlesnake Flag. $1.50.
The Cruise of the Comet. $1.25.
Otis, James. When Israel Putnam Served the King. 75 cts.
Ewing, Juliana. Daddy Darwin's Dovecote. 50 cts.
Richards, Laura E. Margaret Montfort. $1.25.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Drums of the Fore and Aft. 50 cts.
Dromgoole, Will Allen. Rare Old Chums. 50 cts.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Webb, F. R. Manual of the Canvas Canoe. $1.25.
Hammond, S. T. Hitting vs. Missing with the Shotgun. $1.

WILBUR B. KETCHAM, NEW YORK

Banks, Rev. Louis Albert, D.D. The Unexpected Christ. $1.50.

LEACH, SHEWELL & CO., NEW YORK

Selections from Dryden, Burns, Wordsworth, and Browning. Edited by George A. Watrous. (The Students' Series of English Classics.) 35 cts.
Cooper, J. Fenimore. The Last of the Mohicans. Edited by Reuben Post Halleck. 50 cts.
Wells, Webster. The Essentials of Geometry (Plane). 75 cts.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Kelley, Jay G. The Boy Mineral Collectors.
Wolfe, Theodore F. Literary Haunts and Homes. American Authors. $1.25.
Fisher, Sydney George. The True Benjamin Franklin. $2.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Stevens, Sheppard. I Am the King. $1.25.
Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Sielanka, A Forest Picture, and Other Stories. $2.
Lagerlof, Selma. The Story of Gösta Berling. Translated from the Swedish by Pauline Bancroft Flach. $1.75.
Bell, Mackenzie. Pictures of Travel and Other Poems.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Cooper, J. Fenimore. The Last of the Mohicans. In Two Volumes.
Caird, John, D.D. University Addresses. $2.25.
Brooke, Stopford. English Literature. $1.50.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO

Kinkead, Eleanor Talbot. Florida Alexander. $1.
Love in Epigram. Compiled by Frederick W. Morton. $1.
Chase, Jessie Anderson. Three Freshmen. $1.
Griswold, Hattie Tyng. Personal Sketches of Recent Authors. $1.50.
My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. Edited by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. $2.50

F. TENNYSON NEELY, NEW YORK

Willets, Gilson. The Triumph of Yankee Doodle.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA

Lippmann, Julie M. Dorothy Day.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, CHICAGO

Dillingham, Frances Bent. A Proud Little Baxter. 75 cts.
Whitcomb, Jessie Wright. His Best Friend. $1.25.
Beaton, David. Cyrus the Magician. $1.25.
Allen, Willis Boyd. Around the Yule Log. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Russell, Israel C. Rivers of North America. $2.
Harland, Marion. Where Ghosts Walk. $2 50.
Richard, James William, D.D. Philip Melanchthon. 1497-1560. $1.50.
Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen. Vol. IV. $1.75.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Le Feuvre, Amy. His Big Opportunity. 75 cts.
Wallace, Edwin Sherman. Jerusalem the Holy. $1.50.
Arnold's Practical Commentary on the Sabbath-School Lessons, 1899. 50 cts.
Miller, J. R., Rev., D.D. The Master's Blesseds. $1.

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

Paine, Albert Bigelow. The Arkansaw Bear.
Corbet, Sybil and Katharine. Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Bears.
Tunk, Oliver P. An Awful Alphabet.
Wilson, Robert Burns. The Shadows of the Trees.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Stevens, George Barker, D.D. The Epistles of Paul in Modern English. $1.25.
Hamilton, Sir Edward W. Mr. Gladstone: A Monograph. $1.25.
VanDyke, Henry, D.D. The Poetry of Tennyson $2.
Parmele, Mary Platt. A Short History of the United States. 60 cts. A Short History of England. 60 cts.
Hornung, E. W. Some Persons Unknown. $1.25.
Green, William Henry, D.D. General Introduction to the Old Testament. $1.50.
Kipling's (Rudyard) Works, Vol. XII. "Captains Courageous."

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., BOSTON

Hovey, Richard. The Birth of Galahad. $1.50. The Quest of Merlin. $1.25. The Marriage of Guenevere. $1.50.
Schroob, Marcel. The Children's Crusade. $1.50.

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The Religious World

Creed of Plymouth Church in Chicago

The change in the creed of Plymouth Church, Chicago, attracts special attention because of the distinguished pastor of the church, Dr. Gunsaulus. It was a case of a church with a mediæval creed doing what large numbers of other churches have done before without attracting attention; viz., putting itself where all the English Congregational churches always have been. The English churches have no creedal requirements for membership. Plymouth Church has only put itself in line with the Congregational churches of Great Britain, many Protestant churches in this country, and an increasing number of American Congregational churches. The following is the statement of belief and the form for admission of members in the church of which Dr. Gunsaulus is pastor:

We accept the various historic confessions of faith in Christendom, notably the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, the Burial Hill Declaration, and the creed prepared by the Commission of 1883, as a basis, ever growing and yet to be enlarged, upon which the Congregational churches stand, and, recognizing these symbols of doctrine as thus valuable and important, we seek and enjoy fellowship with Congregational churches and the Church of Christ universal. However, we ask of those who seek fellowship with Plymouth Church simply the cordial participation with us in the following form of admission:

After the Lord's Prayer is offered, the minister shall say:

"Dearly beloved, called by God to be his children through Jesus Christ, we give hearty thanks to God, who by his Spirit has opened your eyes to see and your hearts to receive Jesus as Lord, and who has inclined you to present yourselves at this time to make confession of him. Do you join with the members of this church in the following statement of faith: We believe in the life of service and love as lived by Jesus; we accept his words as our guide, and will strive to live in his spirit?"

Response: I do.

"Having truly repented of your sins and heartily forsaken them, you devote yourselves to the love, obedience, and service of Jesus Christ; you take his Word as the law of your life and the Holy Spirit as your comforter and guide, and, trusting in his grace to confirm and strengthen you, you promise to follow him in all things, to walk with his disciples in love, and to live for his kingdom. You (each of you) do covenant with this church to join in its ordinances and public worship, to subscribe to its rules and discipline, to strive for its purity and peace, and to honor your high and holy vocation by a life of piety toward God and benevolence toward your fellow-men. Is this your pledge?"

Answer: It is.

Professor William Adams Brown

On Tuesday, November 1, the Rev. William Adams Brown was inaugurated as Roosevelt Professor of Systematic Theology in the Union Theological Seminary in New York. The service, which took place in the Adams Chapel, was attended by a large and representative audience. Besides many directors, alumni, students, and friends of the Seminary, there were present from other institutions President Low and Professors Sloan and Butler, of Columbia University; Chancellor McCracken, of the University of New York: Professor Emerton, of the Harvard Divinity School; Professors Fisher and Blackman, of the Yale Divinity School; President Buttz, of the Drew Theological Seminary; and Professor Mitchell, of the Hartford Theological Seminary.

Prayer was offered by President Hall, after which the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," was sung, and the Scriptures were read by the Rev. Professor George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., of the Yale Divinity School. The President of the Board, Mr. John Crosby Brown, announced the election of Professor Brown, and, after his assent to the constitutional declaration, declared him duly inaugurated as Roosevelt Professor of Systematic Theology. The charge was delivered by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., who spoke of the necessity of personal inspiration in theological instruction, and emphasized the prophetic function of the teacher. Professor Brown then delivered his inaugural address, upon the theme, "Christ, the Vitalizing Principle of Christian Theology." The service closed with prayer and the benediction by the Rev. Professor Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., LL.D.

The newly elected Professor is the son of Mr. John Crosby Brown, President of the Board of Directors of the Seminary, and the grandson of the Rev. Dr. William Adams, one of its former Presidents. He was graduated from Yale University in 1886, and spent the following year in graduate study, receiving the degree of M.A. He studied theology

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in Union Seminary, where he was graduated in 1890. He continued his theological studies as Fellow of the Seminary, in Berlin, during the following two years. On his return to this country in 1892 he was appointed Instructor in Church History, as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, and upon the death of the latter, in the following year, was transferred to the department of Systematic Theology. In 1895 he was appointed Provisional Professor in the same department. His predecessor in the Roosevelt chair was the Rev. John Hopkins Worcester, Jr., D.D., whose untimely death in 1893 created the vacancy now filled by Professor Brown's appointment.

A Statue to Dr. James Martineau

Dr. James Martineau is one of the heroic figures in the theological world of to-day, and one of the noblest leaders of thought of the whole century. Was it not Mrs. Humphry Ward who replied to the question, What has Unitarianism done for England? with the silencing answer, It has given to England and the world James Martineau? That was answer enough to a sneering question. James Martineau is the Nestor and for many decades was the chief leader of Unitarian thought in Great Britain and the world. He was always deeply interested in Manchester New College, which has followed Mansfield College and found a permanent home at Oxford. Its beautiful buildings are in Mansfield Road, not far from the institution over which Principal Fairbairn presides. The beginning of the current year of Manchester New College was selected as the fitting time for the unveiling of a statue of Dr. Martineau which had been presented to the College by the friends of the distinguished philosopher and preacher. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by Principal Drummond, Mr. David Ainsworth, President of the Trustees, and by Dr. Edward Caird, Master of Balliol. As the last mentioned is the best known of the speakers and represented one of the ancient colleges of the University, we give his address as condensed in "The Christian World:"

He said Dr. Martineau was a man whose influence had been so great on his country and his age that he might be fairly said to belong, not to any special religious body, but to the nation. In all his religious work he had sought some point of view from which the various aspects of Christianity, often set in opposition to one another, might be seen in one embracing unity. He had thus widened the religious sympathies, not only of his own Church, but of all others; and this, not by obscuring or minimizing differences of theological conception, but by bringing them to the light of their common source and the ground of their common basis. Noble in his moral aims, broad in his religious sympathy, his works had given a stimulus to the production of many fruitful ideas in the religious thought of the country. Hence it was a great pleasure to be allowed to associate with his admirers in doing honor to his fame, and to express the hope that he might yet be spared to enjoy the affection and reverence of his friends.

A Forward Movement by the American Board

At the annual meeting in Grand Rapids last month, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions raised by pledges a special sum of $3,500 for the support of a Forward Movement such as that which Mr. Luther D. Wishard is conducting for the Presbyterian Board. After the adjournment of the Board meeting the Co-operating Committee of the Interior met at the home of the former Vice-President, E. W. Blatchford, in Chicago, to perfect the plan for the movement and to select some one as leader, who should become the special agent of the Board seeking to develop interest in Foreign Missions among the churches and especially to secure the adoption of missionaries by particular churches, individuals, and families. It is the hope of the Board and the Co-operating Committee that this new Secretary will be a living appeal which cannot be tabled, shelved, put into the waste-paper basket, nor forgotten. The meeting in Chicago proved a most inspiring one. Addresses were made by Dr. I. F. Loba, Secretary Hitchcock, Dr. J. H. Selden, Mr. E. H. Pitkin, the Rev. H. P. Beach, and others, and gave promise that the Forward Movement would be successful from the outset, if only the right man can be found to act as special secretary. The committee in charge have invited the Rev. Harlan P. Beach to assume the leadership of this enterprise; but, owing to the importance of his work as Educational Secretary of the Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, affecting as it does some three hundred colleges and seminaries and all denominations, and the difficulty of securing a substitute, he does not see his way clear to accept.

The Woman's Board Meeting

One of the best of all the meetings of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, auxiliary to the A. B. C. F. M., was held in Springfield, Mass., November 2 and 3. About two

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hundred and twenty-five delegates were present. Among the speakers were Miss Webb, Mrs. Tewksbury, Miss Hamilton, Dr. Pauline Root, Mrs. C. M. Lamson, Mrs. Crawford, of Turkey, Mrs. Capron, and Mrs. Joseph Cook. The reports of the various departments of this service were full of encouragement. The Woman's Board is doing a great work. Without it even the venerable American Board would be deprived of a large part of its efficiency.

The Work of Death

Three prominent ministers of two denominations have been called from their labors by death. The eminent Foreign Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Union, the Rev. S. W. Duncan, D.D., died in Brookline on October 30; the Rev. S. A. Muchmore, D.D., of Philadelphia, at one time Moderator of the General Assembly, died on the same day; the Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D., also of Philadelphia, died on November 7. All three were great leaders in their respective denominations. Dr. Wayland was a son of President Wayland, and one of the most vigorous men in the American Churches. He was the editor of the "Examiner," and before that of the "National Baptist." His bright speech at the New England dinner in New York a few years ago will long be remembered. He was also a prominent figure in the Social Science Congress and in all movements of social amelioration.

Oberlin Calls Dr. Barrows

Oberlin College has called the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., to be its President. Oberlin offers unusual attractions for a man of Dr. Barrows's ability and attainment. It is a Congregational institution, and all Dr. Barrows's life has been passed in the service of Congregational churches, with the exception of his pastorate in Chicago. Oberlin deserves a worthy President. Dr. Barrows had not announced his decision at the writing of this paragraph, but his acceptance is predicted and desired by friends of the institution.

The Cost of Fidelity

The daily press contains a report which, if true, shows that fidelity is a costly virtue even in this century. It is said that the Rev. Dr. Garner, interpreter of the Chinese bureau in San Francisco, has been warned that if he continues his efforts in behalf of the Chinese slave-girls he will do so at the peril of his life. At a recent meeting of the "Highbinders," as the report goes, it was decided that if the minister did not cease giving the Government information concerning the poor victims of the Highbinders' lust they would take his life at the first opportunity. This is not the first instance of lawlessness and threatened violence on the part of these men. It is to be hoped that Dr. Garner will persevere and that he will be adequately protected. The exposure of wickedness is a thankless task at the best, but society is kept decent very largely by such unrewarded and often unrecognized heroism.

The Mormon in the East

There are many signs which indicate that Mormonism is neither dead nor moribund. It has been said that it has missionaries in all of the countries of northern Europe, and that eight hundred of them are seeking proselytes in different parts of the United States. A conference is to be held in Brooklyn in February, the object of which is to put the work on a permanent basis. Mormon missionaries are especially active in Maryland and West Virginia, and in the mountain districts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. These facts recall the strong paper which was read before the Congregational Home Missionary Society in Cleveland last June by Mr. Eugene Young, a grandson of Brigham Young, in which he used these words: "Mormonism, eight years ago crushed by the Government, its leaders in prison or hiding, its property confiscated and credit fatally impaired, its people half alienated and wholly threatened with disfranchisement, sued for mercy. Mormonism to-day, triumphant and arrogant, its property and prestige restored, its citizenship guaranteed by Statehood, its influence secured by power in one of the branches of government, challenges the orthodoxy of your older beliefs and calls it heterodoxy. It throws down the gauntlet to the nations of all the earth, and tells them that every government is the heritage of the followers of Joseph Smith." No one can object to the progress of Mormonism so long as it remains simply a religion and does not threaten the moral health of the Nation with its doctrine of polygamy. We may forbid the preaching of that doctrine, but its other errors, so far as they exist, can be met only by the presentation of more reasonable truth in more attractive form.

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Correspondence

Psychical Research

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook I lately saw a communication in which psychical research is held to afford a much-needed support to the doctrine of immortality, which, of course, it can do only to the extent that it establishes the reality of spiritual existence and the spiritual nature of man; which recalls to me the remark of a friend, made some years ago in speaking of a lecture on the subject, that, for want of a true psychology, that movement was confined to the investigation of abnormal manifestations of mind; whereas if the spiritual theory be true, it should be demonstrable from the normal facts of every-day experience, it being mainly in relation to these that the theory is important. The appositeness of my friend's remark struck me as lying in the prevailing impression of the absence of this legitimate, not to say indispensable, evidence, implied in the current method of psychical research, and confirmed by the well-nigh unbroken silence of those who should dissent if they could.

But why confine our search to the byways after a truth which lies plainly before us in the open country? The distinction between subject and object is no secret, but what does it mean if not that the purposive action of a man is something transcendently unlike the mechanical motion of a stone? and that when the man throws the stone, the accurate aim by which it is directed to the accomplishment of his purpose is *as* different from its flight through the air in response to an antecedent motion in his body?

True, some ingenious sophistries have long done duty as evasions of the truth, as if purposive action must be an interruption of physical continuity. If it were so, it would still be a fact. But how can it be that the wise men who surprise us with such subtleties are unable to understand the elementary truth that physical causality is not interrupted by imposing a predetermined order upon its activities? When we determine the order in which motions shall occur, we neither increase nor diminish the sum of energy appearing in them. How, then, do we interrupt physical causation? Yet our purpose is accomplished.

This is not to object to psychical research, however conducted. There can be no harm in knowing as much as possible of the subtle complexity of our nature, but neither can it do any harm to be careful that we rightly understand our facts as we go along. We may then see them in their true relations, and so avoid mistaking the less for the more important. S. H. W.

New London, Conn.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

In your issue for October 1, 1898, page 352, in reply to correspondent "G.," you speak of "the law which forbids our National banner to be used as an advertising device." Will you kindly tell me when such a law was passed? In company with several patriotic associations, the Daughters of the American Revolution, led by the Milwaukee Chapter, have been for many months seeking to secure the passage of such a law. At the last session of Congress a bill (House Bill No. 5,491) designed to protect the flag from all unworthy uses was introduced by Messrs. Hoar, Hansbrough, and Jenkins in both House and Senate, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. We do not know that it, or any similar measure, has become a law. This bill aims to secure these three things: 1. That the National Flag or Coat of Arms of the United States shall not be used for advertising purposes. 2. That no partisan device or inscription shall be placed thereon or attached thereto. 3. That those who treat it with indignity, or wantonly injure or destroy it, shall be punished. Other attempts have been made to protect the flag by legislation; but the only bill which provides penalty for its infraction is the one offered by the Daughters of the American Revolution. We recognize the imperative need of enlightened, reverent public sentiment, and that this must be secured by a process of education. May we not count upon persistent and hearty aid from The Outlook? R. W. P. B.

For the Flag Committee of Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution.

The circular of the Milwaukee Chapter above referred to states that laws have been passed in several of the States to prevent desecration of the flag, but in view of the need of a National statute to secure that end it calls on those who favor it to write in its behalf to their Senators and Congressmen. This request The Outlook heartily seconds.

1. Please explain fully Isaiah vi., 9. 10. 2. Do you believe the Holy Spirit really withdraws him-

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self after striving in vain to enter the heart, and will not return at the invitation of the individual? or is the trouble with the individual? 3. Why is it so hard for a person to repent upon the bed of affliction? 4. Please name a good commentary on Isaiah, Hebrews, and Romans.

A. V. B.

1. It is a dramatic way of expressing the truth that God has so constituted us that the power of spiritual perception is lost by failing to exercise and act upon it. 2. His light is never absent, but we make our own darkness by shutting out the light. 3. It is not always hard, but, if hard, it is because of our blind distrust of the mercy that endureth forever. 4. Cheyne on Isaiah (Whittaker, New York, $4); Abbott on Romans (Barnes, New York, $1.75); Vaughn on Hebrews (Macmillan, New York, $2.25).

Please explain (1) the Protestant interpretation of Matthew xvi, 17–19, addressed to Peter. Also (2) John xx., 23, addressed to all the disciples.

J. S. H.

1. Peter (in Greek *Petros*) is derived from the Greek word for rock, *petra*. Christ gave it to Simon as a surname because he had found through divine revelation the rock-foundation of the church, the faith that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God. This is the key-truth of the kingdom of heaven in the world. Not Peter only, but all sharers of Peter's faith, have received this key-truth. So far as they are true to this faith, the so-called "power of the keys," that is, of this key-truth, is theirs, and their judgments are valid and true, whatever things they "bind" or "loose," that is, forbid or allow, in their moral fellowship with Christ for the advancement of his kingdom. 2. In virtue of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Christ, not a priestly class only, but all who have received that Spirit, are competent to give or to withhold a valid assurance of the divine forgiveness.

Please answer the following: 1. Where can the publications of the "Scotch Church Society" be procured? 2. Has the High Church party made much progress in the Scotch Church, and who are the leaders of this party? Has Ritualism increased to any extent among Presbyterian churches? H. C. P.

1. Not in this country, so far as we have been able to learn. 2. Possibly you misapprehend the nature of the movement. As we understand it, it is for the enrichment of worship in the Church of Scotland, and is not to be described as a high church or a ritualistic interest, as those words are understood among Anglicans. The Rev. Dr. A. H. K. Boyd, of St. Andrew's, is probably as prominent as any one, and would doubtless willingly answer inquiries for publications.

Is it accurate or proper to say, as my pastor says continually in prayer and sermon, "*our* Christ"? I could understand "our Jesus," as Jesus means Saviour; but Jesus is *God's* Anointed (or Christ), not ours. The combination "our Christ" appears to invert—to Socinianize—what seems to be the Biblical doctrine of the incarnation. Is not my Lord Bacon right in the ending of that remarkable prayer of his: "These things we commend to thy everlasting love, by our Jesus, thy Christ, God with us"? The "Lord's Christ" and "the Christ of God" we know from the New Testament; but where is found the warrant for the Christ of man?

G.

In strictness, "Christ" is an *official* name, and if viewed as such, your criticism is just. But in the Epistles it often seems to be used as a *personal* name. If so used, the phrase you object to is defensible.

Can you suggest a good book or books giving, in brief form, facts as to the history, and ideas as to the destiny, of the Anglo-Saxon race?

G. C.

Mr. Kidd's recent book on "The Control of the Tropics" is the only one that we can recommend. (The Macmillan Company, New York, 75 cents.)

In Amelia B. Edwards's "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" is the sentence: "It was like the darkness of infinite space." (Chap. IV.) Is there any point in the known universe where it is dark—beyond the reach of any sun? I always think of the universe of ether as light.

W. S.

Darkness and light dwell together, as one realizes on any starlit night.

The "Genoa Crucifix" was drawn in a lottery by Mr. Boland, living at Minersville, Schuylkill County, Pa., about 1855. He was a schoolmaster and Irish Catholic. He very soon sold it to a church in Baltimore for about $1,500, although the prize had been rated at more than ten times that value in the prospectus of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, New York, who obtained subscriptions to their art periodical by offer to their subscribers of participation in the chance drawing. F. Z. S.

"A." inquires about Dr. Strong's little book on "Good Citizenship." These words, supposed to describe the book, were used at the New York State Christian Endeavor Convention recently held in Utica. The booklet referred to on that occasion was a pamphlet, "The New Patriotism," by the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., No. 1 of Series A, published under the auspices of the League for Social Service. Address "Truths for the Times," Room 511, United Charities Building, New York City. The price is 35 cents per hundred. A. C.

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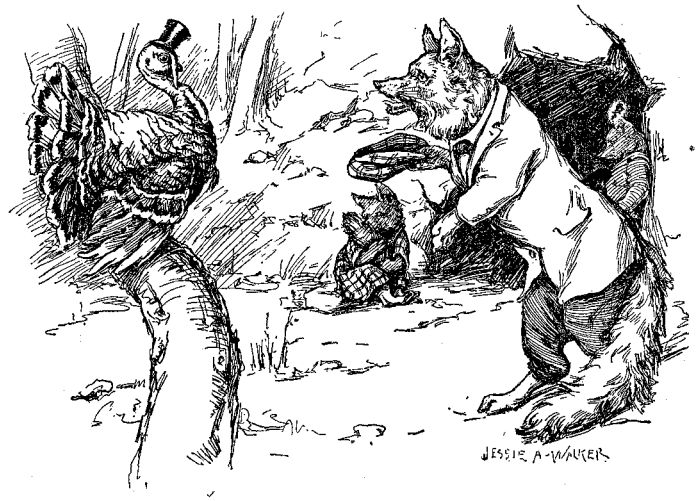
For the Little People

RED TOP'S SUCCESS

By Mary Allaire

CHAPTER I.

He lived in a farmyard that was at the top of a hill. You would suppose that a turkey living in such a beautiful country would have a most lovable disposition. There were broad stretches of fields where buckwheat was growing, and any intelligent turkey knows what a feeding-place a buckwheat field is, after the grain has been cut. Then there was the apple orchard, where a feast lay ready for the picking. In a brook just beyond the orchard clear, cool water was to be had at any minute. Besides this there was Farmer Cook, who loved every live thing on the place, and fed, housed, and cared for all tenderly. In spite of all this, there never was an uglier-tempered turkey than Red Top, as Farmer Cook called him. His voice was to be heard all the time from early dawn till dusk. When the poultry went to roost, he always fussed about his place; when they ate, Red Top allowed but the merest picking until he had eaten all he wished. Doubtless if we could have understood the language of the feathered folk, we would have heard Red Top called A TYRANT.



It was well that Red Top's home was on a lonely road, where children rarely passed. He hated children. There was not a cousin of Farmer Cook and Mrs. Cook who could get her child to visit the dear people, all because of Red Top. This was a great pity, for it was a lovely place for children to visit. Red Top was so clever and so handsome that Farmer Cook was very proud of him. He would call when Farmer Cook came in sight; he would follow him about the barnyard and through the barn. When Dobbin, the horse, was harnessed, Red Top would watch the whole proceeding, and mount the fence until the wagon drove off, calling his "Gobble," "Gobble," "Gobble," as if to say "Good-by, Farmer Cook."

Two miles away a little girl named Lilla came to live for the summer. You doubtless will think that Lilla was very ignorant when I tell you that she had no idea what a turkey looked like when covered with feathers. Turkeys, as Lilla knew them, were most harmless-looking objects hanging by their legs in the butcher's.

Lilla had never been in a country where there were so few people. Each day was a dream. She waded and paddled in the brooks, sailed paper boats, built houses in the woods out of stones and twigs, and furnished them beautifully with moss and stones. Nobody said "Don't." Lilla found herself suddenly in "Do" country. The whole day did not give hours enough to accomplish all that might be done.

When the days grew cool, Lilla began exploring expeditions. She took longer and longer walks.

"I'll go up this hill until I come to the top," said Lilla one day, swinging a red tam carelessly in her hand. I shall not try to tell you all she saw that was new and strange. She was almost at the top when there was the most awful noise Lilla had ever heard, and suddenly a monster with a red head and most awful wings outspread came flying toward her. It was a dragon, Lilla felt sure.

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She tried to move, but could not. The great wings struck her and beat her down in the dust of the road. The cruel beak struck her and bit her; the awful voice was stopped. There was a hurrying of feet on the road, and Lilla was picked up and carried to Farmer Cook's tenderly.

"Now, father," Lilla heard some one say, "I think it time we disposed of that ugly creature."

"Yes, mother, he must go," was the answer that Lilla heard.

"I'm so glad," said Lilla, nestling more closely in Mrs. Cook's arms. "I did not know there were dragons, real dragons, in the world; I thought only make-believe dragons. They are very awful," murmured Lilla, snuggling more closely in Mrs. Cook's arms.

CHAPTER II.

When Farmer Cook went to feed the poultry that night, Red Top was more domineering than usual. "Your days are numbered. I've let you have too much liberty. You'll go to market, sir, and part of the price you bring will buy a present for that dear little girl. Shoo!! Go away! You are getting more than your share."

Red Top was too astonished to move. Driven away from the corn and meal, all nicely warmed and moist! Such a thing had never happened before. That impudent rooster to stride right in front of him, and all the hens to look at him as if they had never known fear!—what was the world coming to!

That night, when all was dark, Red Top heard his companions talking. "He'll go to market for Thanksgiving, and then there'll be peace and freedom in this yard."

Red Top smiled. "I go to market for Thanksgiving? I know a better plan; the world is wide," muttered Red Top. He raised his head and startled all in the poultry-house by a defiant "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" that brought Farmer Cook with a lantern and a gun. After looking carefully about, he said, "I don't see any footprints of a fox. I know there is one in the woods." If he understood the language of turkeys, he would have heard Red Top say, "So do I," triumphantly.

The next morning Red Top strolled across the buckwheat-field to the woods on the other side of the brook. He walked boldly across the broken bridge, into the woods, and turned sharply into a path hidden by some bushes until he came to a glade. On the other side was a big rock split from top to bottom, with trees growing on its side and on top. Red Top looked about, saying, "I know this is the place."

At this moment, on the top of the rock, there appeared a furry figure. "Delighted to see you," was said in the sweetest but most humble tones. "Will you not come up?" "No, not to-day," said Red Top, haughtily. "Mr. Fox, I thought I would tell you that I shall be delighted to accept your Thanksgiving invitation."

"My dear friend, not Thanksgiving. I insist you come the day before. There are some preparations in which you really must take part."

Red Top, if you could have looked behind Mr. Fox and seen Mrs. Fox and the children, you would have been surprised. They were rolling over each other and smothering with suppressed laughter.

"Well, the day before, since you urge," said Red Top, condescendingly; and Red Top turned back into the path.

"I'll see how affairs are to-night," he thought, as he walked away. "If Farmer Cook forgets himself as he did last night, and drives me from my supper, I shall certainly keep my engagement. Then for a life of freedom in the woods. Mr. Fox says it's

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the only life to live, and he ought to know; he has always lived there."

That night, in his usual lordly manner, Red Top drove back the feathered people. Farmer Cook struck him with a light twig and drove him to the corner. "You stay there until the others are through." Red Top could not believe that it was the same world.

The feathered folk laughed and stood about while Red Top was eating, making audible comments—which was very impolite, of course.

That night his place on the roost was taken by the brown rooster, who fought him off, assisted by all the others. Red Top stood on the ground all night. At the first sound in the early dawn he woke.

"You'll not run away to-day, you ugly creature!" And before Red Top knew what had happened, he found a stout cord tied around his ankle, and found himself being pulled out into the yard toward an old wagon. The other end of the cord Farmer Cook tied to the wheel. What a fate for a turkey who had governed not only the poultry-yard, but Carlo, the dog, Muffins, the cat, and every unfortunate child who chanced to pass! The hen turkeys, hens, rooster, and ducks, showed their delight. Hard as it was to stand their jeers, it was worse to stand the loneliness when they went to the buckwheat-field.

He tugged and pulled, but Farmer Cook knew how to tie knots. He never had so much to eat. Food was within his reach all day. At night he was shut in the poultry-house, where he was pitied and laughed at by turns.

This went on for a week. Then Red Top made a discovery. He could pick the cord. That day about noon, when Farmer Cook was at dinner, a turkey went hurriedly into the wood, having almost flown over the bridge.

He turned to the left and hurried through the bushes. As he approached the glade, he assumed a haughty manner and walked more slowly.

"I must not let him know I am running for safety from Thanksgiving," he thought.

When he reached the glade, he gave a dignified "gobble," which was his announcement of his arrival. No one appeared. Red Top waited for a time, and then he ascended the slanting side of the rock. When part way up, he flew to the limb of a tree, and then hopped out to the further end. "Ah! I see!" he exclaimed, "it is on the other side." He flew down, reached the top of the rock, and then descended by short hops to a platform of rock in front of a cave. Red Top saw no one, and flew to the bending trunk of a tree. He again announced his coming by a suppressed "gobble," when, to his amazement, Mr. Fox came out of the cave, with all the graciousness of his family when in their most winning mood. Minna Fox came out with her father and sat down shyly hugging her doll—a furry mink-tail. Johnny Fox, like many small boys, put his hands in his pockets, and leaned against the wall. "Mrs. Fox has the babies inside; come right in and see them. I would have met you as usual, if you had not come—ahem!—a little in advance of time. Quite a compliment, quite a compliment!" he hastened to say. Red Top grew a trifle redder, and wished he had waited. He descended with dignity, and patted Minna condescendingly on the head with his wing. Johnny hurried indoors, but Red Top hardly noticed his departure.

Mr. Fox was delightful in his greetings.

"We really feel that you do us great honor in coming to us for Thanksgiving. We mean that it shall be a fitting opportunity for you to fulfill your destiny, a fitting climax to your active and distinguished career."

Red Top's bosom swelled with pride. "'A fitting climax to your active and distinguished career.' I'm to be appreciated. Such a noble person to be tied by his leg to a wagon! Outrageous!" and Red Top trembled with anger.

"Never has Thanksgiving come to us with such a promise of the necessaries for the feast so near at hand," continued Mr. Fox.

Mrs Fox, coming in sight from a dark corner, seemed convulsed with laughter.

"Not nearly so fine a person as Mr. Fox," thought Red Top.

"Come and see the baby," said Mrs. Fox, walking toward the dark corner, closely followed by Mr. Fox, Johnny, and Minna.

CHAPTER III.

Thanksgiving dinner was served on time at the Foxes'.

Red Top was on the table, not at it.

"Quite fine, my dear, he appears to be," said Mr. Fox.

"Yes, my love," said Mrs. Fox. "He always thought so himself."

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The Home Club

Wife or Mother—Which?

"The truth is that some women are mothers, and some wives; very few are both." The listeners to this declaration sat still, looking at the speaker and at each other.

There was assent in the faces, though there was no sound of the voices.

"Is it not true," continued the first speaker, "that a baby, when it comes, makes almost every woman all mother? She lives, moves, and has her being for that baby. The house is run for the baby; she dresses for the baby. Baby rules her every movement. She too often ceases to be even a housekeeper."

"Well," asked a soft voice, "should she not be a mother before everything else?"

"No," was the emphatic response. "She should be a wife first and a mother second."

"Now, we cannot settle this question, or rather you two can only settle your own opinions more firmly, and that's not necessary," laughed the third member of the party. "The important point is, Is it true?"

Is it true? Are there not homes where the husband finds that his place is filled by the first baby, and each following pushes him more and more into the background? He is expected to submit to the usurpation without comment. He finds that the every thought of his wife is for the baby, whose small wants, it would seem, might be supplied and his health and happiness maintained, without absorbing so large a part of the wife's care and attention.

Is it true, as is sometimes asserted, that husbands are often jealous of their own children? If it is true, does it not follow that there is cause?—that the husband, in whom, perhaps, there is more of the lover than the father, needs always the companionship of the woman he loves?—that because he loves her, he is not willing that she should become simply the mother of his children?

A man commenting on a wife and mother who had a remarkable husband and remarkable children, but of whom you always thought first as the wife of her husband, said: "That woman has the art of being a wife. Her children never drove her husband out of her mind for a moment; he has always been first. How many women ever stand in their own home as she does? She is first in their hearts, their thoughts. She is the center from which all draw tneir inspiration, or think they do. Why? Because she has kept her place first as the wife of her husband. Those children saw their father first in their mother's thought, their mother first in their father's thought. They learned always that this love was the first, and the love for the children the second love. The house was run for the family; but if one person must take precedence, it was the father, because his place and work were of first importance to the home and the world. The children are well mannered because they never for a moment supposed themselves of the first importance. They were allowed to choose, collectively or individually, where choice affected them only. Their education was of great importance to the parents, and the children understood this. Never, in that home, was any important decision affecting the life of a child the decision of one parent. Nor was discipline the law of one. The parents consulted when the act of the child demanded it." It is this unity of thought and common interest that makes family life perfect.

The greatest blunder a woman can make is to thrust her husband in the background of her thought, or give him a second place in the home, or permit him to take the attitude that the children are *hers*. The wise woman, without contention, compels recognition of the fact that the children are *theirs*, and that the children's best interest can be served only when the moral intelligence of father and mother is directing their training.

The woman who has the art of being a wife has usually the fine art of motherhood. The wife who is first, last, and always a mother is neither wife nor mother to perfection.

Manners and the Child

The ethical training of a child is of quite as much importance as the moral or mental training. It is quite as much a mother's business to train her child to kindness of thought as to habits of truth; it is far more important that a child should have his heart trained to acts of kindness than his head trained to remove his hat at the proper time, or to pass behind, not in front of, a person. The comments a child makes on his com-

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panions, his relation to them in work and play, his attitude of mind toward older people, are the revelations of his heart, the guide to his training. It is the spirit of a child that needs watching; the manners are the expression of that spirit. It is true that to act kindly produces a reflex action on the heart; but the seat of kindliness is the heart. An intellectual conception of conduct that goes no deeper into the life than to compel the adoption of manners that may be classed as good has but little value. A small boy who was attended by his mother when he went to dancing-school was told not to be in a hurry in selecting his partners, but to choose the little girls who seemed to have been overlooked; that a gentleman did not try always to please himself, but tried to make everybody happy. When that small boy was ten years old, he attended a reception at the house of a relative, where he stood on the footing of a child. It was perfectly charming to see how earnestly the boy devoted himself to any one who was not engaged in talking with some one else. He was following the social principle to which he had been trained—trying to make everybody happy. He would burst into his mother's parlor when she had callers and ask questions or for privileges or to report an important incident of his play; he would dash in front of a caller to reach his mother; he was an enthusiastic boy, with a healthy child's spontaneity. The wise mother trained first the heart to a kindliness of intention toward all the world, and where there was the slightest responsibility in his action he was sure to meet it. The superficial manners that are mere concessions to the usages of polite society will come as he grows older and acquires self-control. Fundamentally he is a gentleman, and his manners are the expression of a trained heart. We lay too much stress on the outward form, too little on the thing of which manners are the symbol.

Food and Life-Work

In the chapter "During Periods of Growth," in "Foods and Feeding," by Sir Henry Thompson, the author places a heavy burden of responsibility on the house-mother. Among other things, he says:

> In the next stage of life, when infancy has been passed and childhood is attained, among the poor, the little one takes his place at the parents' table, where lack of means, as well as of knowledge, deprives him of food more suitable than the rough fare of the adult, and, moreover, obtains for him, perchance, his little share of tea, or even of beer or gin. On the whole, perhaps, he is not much worse off than the child of the well-to-do, who becomes a pet, and is already familiarized with complex and too solid forms of food, as well as with stimulating drinks, which custom and self-indulgence have placed on the daily table. And soon afterwards commence in consequence—and entirely in consequence a fact it is impossible too much to emphasize—the "sick headaches" and "bilious attacks," which pursue their victim through half a lifetime, to be exchanged for gout or worse at or before the grand climacteric. And so common are these evils that they are regarded by people in general as a necessary appanage of "poor humanity," and, together with measles or whooping-cough, to be part of the natural and necessary development of the full-grown and complete man! No notion can be more erroneous, since it is absolutely true that the complaints referred to are self-engendered, form no necessary part of our physical nature, and for their existence are dependent almost entirely on our habits in relation to food and drink. I except, of course, those cases in which hereditary tendency is so strong as to produce certain evils, some special care notwithstanding, exercised on behalf of the unfortunate victim of an ancestor's self-indulgence. Equally, however, on the part of that little-to-be-revered progenitor were ill-chosen food and drink, or more probably an excessive indulgence in the quantity thereof, the cause of his disease, and not the physical nature of man.

The relation of food to health is the most important question in household economics. Some knowledge of food values, and the careful watching of the increase and loss of weight, the physical depression and elation, the ability to do mental and physical work without undue exhaustion of the different members of the family, are part of the duty of the house-mother. This sounds formidable, but it is far less of a task and far less expensive than illness or its correlative lack of ability to do the work that belongs to each period of life. In social economics it is now accepted as a cardinal principle that prevention of evils is the end of all effort for the betterment of the social order.

A Unique Experience

The following story was told at a lunch party recently:

A lady who had been traveling with her husband had passed through an earthquake experience. Her friends were discussing it with her, when she startled them by saying that it was the most delightful experience of her married life.

"Why?" was the astonished question.

"It is the only thing that has happened since I was married for which I was not to blame. I enjoyed it immensely; it was delightful."

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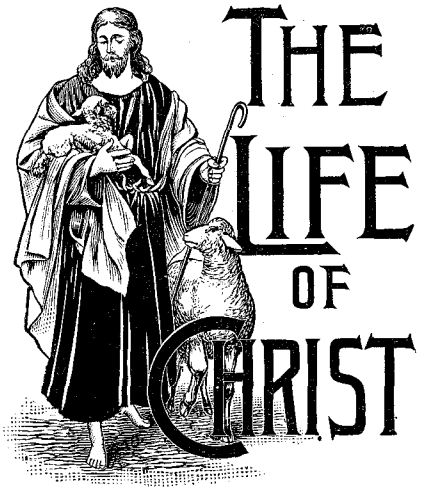

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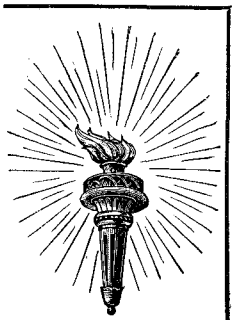

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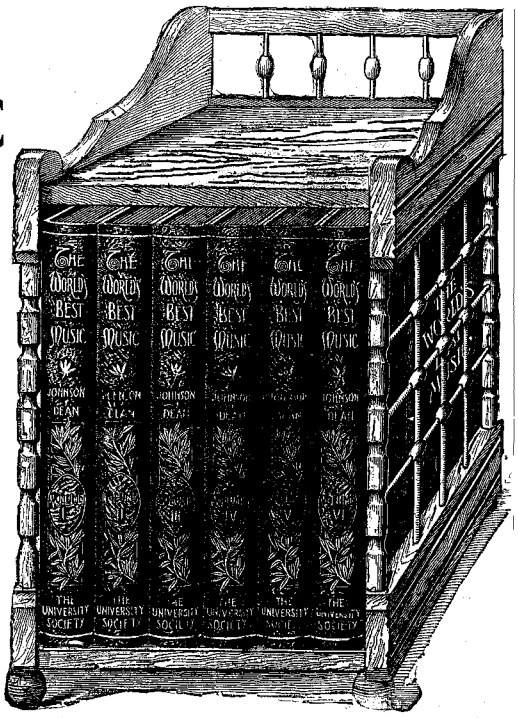

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